

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER WEEKLY FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871. No. 81.

TOO LATE.

BY MARK O. ROLFE.

Oh, I loved you, little Bessie,
In the days of long ago!
You were then a winsome maiden,
And I a bashful beau;

But I loved you truly, Bessie,
Though I never told you so.
And I love you now, sweet Bessie,
As in the days gone by;

I shall love you ever, darling—
Love you always—till I die!
Will you drop a tear, sweet Bessie—
Will you pause to breathe a sigh?

Where the green grass grows above me,
And the willows gently wave?
And let fall a tear, sweet Bessie—
One bright tear upon my grave?

Only grant me this boon, Bessie,
One warm tear is all I crave!
I am going soon, dear Bessie—
I have little time to wait—

Going home to heaven, Bessie,
To that blest and holy state!
Won't you love me, Bessie darling—
I have waited—'tis too late!

The Black Crescent: OR, COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV. A PAIR OF VILLAINS, AND WHERE ONE WENT.

The two men who sipped their "punch" at Wilson's were widely different in face, form and dress.

One was about twenty-four years of age, rather tall, with black eyes, effeminate features, dark, straight hair, and an attempt at side-whiskers.

From his fashionable attire we draw inference that he had money; though his vest-pockets might be turned inside out, and like those of a host innumerable who move among us "on stilts," nowadays, be found the very perfection of emptiness.

This party was Harold Haxon. Sometimes he had money—sometimes he had not. What his occupation was no one knew, and few cared, as long as he dressed well and maintained the role of a gentleman.

The other individual was built square and heavy, with a face that bristled with neglected beard, and disgusted one with its leering glance; for the complexion was dirty and brown, and the eyes bloodshot and dull.

Harold Haxon's face was pale as he cast uneasy glances about him, and the hand which held the glass trembled a little.

"I tell you, Gil Bret, I saw the face. I am sure it was she. If there ever was such a woman, she confronted me on the bridge, to-night!"

"Bah! Spooks!" exclaimed Bret, guardedly, while his repulsive features wore an expression of contempt. "I allus said you was a baby, 'ith all your nerve, I did. You'd better ave let medo 't. I'd fixed 'im. Then you didn't tickle 'im at all, eh?"

"Yes I did! I struck him once, and I would have finished him but for the sudden appearance, as if from the grave—"

"Bah!" Bret interrupted. "Look 'e here now; such things can't be. Didn't we drown 'er ourself, off Locust Point?"

"We did, Gil Bret; and there were others who assisted, who, no doubt, will swear, like you, that she can not be alive. But I am not given to superstition—like old Forde—ha! ha! ha!"

"Jes' so!" chimed in Bret, seeming pleased at the last words of his companion; for he grinned broadly, and nodded his head several times.

Haxon continued: "Not being superstitious, you see, I know of but one explanation for that which I saw. The woman was not drowned, and is now watching us closely—as is evident from her timely arrival upon the scene to-night. I say timely, for if she had not come, Austin Burns was doomed! I had scarcely strength enough to get away, I was so dumbfounded."

"Now, kin this be?" soliloquized Gil Bret, gazing into the nearly-empty glass.

Then, as if he was more inclined to give credence to Harold Haxon's tale of the ghostly face, he said, whisperingly: "If she is alive, we aren't safe! She'll have the 'stars' down onto us afore we kin travel! But mind, are you sure the youngster isn't done for 'tis? Hey?"

"I really can't say."

"You struck 'im 'ith a knife?"

"Certainly! and aimed at his heart."

"You did, eh? Well, if Gil Bret was to do that 'ere much, he'd know whether somebody weren't hurt or no, he would! Think 'e knew you?"

"Impossible! I was well muffled."

"Settle for them punches, an' let's be out of this."

Harold Haxon discovered sufficient stamps in his pocket to pay for the beverages, and they left Wilson's, going eastward.

"Where are you going, Bret?"

Gil Bret, whose head had indicated their direction, answered, gruffly:

"To the bridge. Come on. You can't half-do these things, I know. Now, if you was like me, you'd have no difficulty 'ith such jobs. If I'd busted 'im once, he'd gone under 'ithout no foolin'!"

"But you don't expect to find Austin Burns—"

"If you hit square, he's layin' somewhere



"There!" he said, as he placed the cape over her shoulders. "That'll keep you warm!"

near, yet. That woman hasn't had time to drag 'im far."

"But she may have called a policeman—"

"An' if she has, an' if he aren't dead—then you 'n me look out. That's all."

As they hurried past the corner of Gay and Baltimore streets, one of the many loungers who frequent that spot made some remark relative to their rapid gait, which displeased Gil Bret.

He paused for a second, clenched his ponderous fist, and had already taken a step toward them, with the intention of inaugurating a fight, when Haxon laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"You've no time for that, Bret; come on."

Thus reminded, the bruiser—for he was such—resumed his way, blaming himself for being so easily aroused.

It was singular that a mere remark should anger Bret. While his brain was far from intellectual, it was neither thick nor weak; and he was never troubled with that peculiar mental density in planning which characterizes most men of his class.

Haxon owed his social position to the brain of Gil Bret. He owed what education he had to Gil Bret, who, he remembered, had looked after him, carefully, since early childhood. He owed Gil Bret for the promising prospect of marrying Eola Forde.

In many ways, Gil Bret was a mystery to him; but that worthy "rough" was as reticent as he was enigmatical.

When the two men reached the bridge at Fayette street, of course Austin Burns had disappeared.

"Come," said Haxon; "I told you he would be gone. I suppose he's dead—I hope so. The Sun, American, and Gazette will have a sensation in their 'Locals' to-morrow. No doubt he has been taken in charge by a policeman, and—"

"There's one thing 'bout you, anyhow, that I like," interrupted Gil Bret.

"And what is that?"

"You takes things cool."

Haxon laughed. Besides being wicked,

he was conceited, and the compliment pleased him.

"You was allus a cool 'un," added Bret, "ever since I knew you, an' that's been more'n a fortnight."

Haxon laid a hand on his companion's arm.

"I have been in your care, Gil Bret, ever since I was a little boy—almost an infant. What hardness is in my heart I got from you."

"Jes' so!"

"Will the day ever come when you'll tell me all you know of my origin?"

"I'm the one 'at kin do't, Haxy; but 'tain't no more need for you to know 'bout yourself 'an it is for that 'ere Burns chap to know 'bout himself—an' I know all 'bout him, too."

"That is not answering my question."

"P'raps," said Bret, breaking in.

The rival of Austin Burns peered into the bull-dog visage at his side that was half obscured by the gloom of night. And if he could not see well, he felt that there was depicted therein a resolution to say no more on the subject.

"Let us go up-town again," he said, at last.

"Where?"

"Finish the night with billiards at Leach's."

"I mus' go home. My ole crone's a-lookin' for me by this time. You kin go."

"Where will I see you to-morrow, at ten o'clock?"

"Anywhere."

"Corner Lexington and North?"

"Not much," with a shake of his head.

"Why?"

"Cause there'll be a rumus in that 'ere place to-morrow, if this chap's been found by a police; an' all 'spicious characters 'll be—"

"I see. Too near the station. Then let it be—"

"Right here."

"Good," and without further exchange of words, Haxon disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

But Gil Bret did not wish to return to the "old crone" at once, as he had given his companion to understand.

He was no sooner alone than, with a chuckle, he stooped down and examined the snow.

"Jes' so!"—he commented upon something he saw—"Haxy did stick him. Here's blood. 'Tain't snowed none since, I guess. Now—'e see"—rising and moving toward the east end of the bridge—"ere they go. Blood-tracks. An' there ain't no police been here. Here it goes."

As he made his way slowly along, tracking Austin Burns by an occasional drop of blood, he was careful to cover each stain by a push of his foot, and his countenance was expressive of grim satisfaction as he continued on.

He had scarce left the bridge, by the east, when the form of the woman in black arose from a stooping posture near the rail, at the west end, and hastened in the direction of Dutaw street.

"Ah!" she murmured, behind the thick veil which covered her face; "Gil Bret is cunning. Without him to contend against, I could destroy Haxon and his villainous plots. Bret is the center of Haxon's power over Forde. But I have a stern account to settle with both wretches! What oversight in me to leave those tracks behind! Bret will discover Austin's retreat—a thing that will hurt my plans, in a measure—and will connive at another murderous attempt! He dare not do any thing to-night; for the physician is with Austin. Other quarters must be found for the young man. Now, then, for the certificate and the Black Crescent!"

quicken her steps almost to a run as she thus concluded.

Gil Bret followed the traces of blood until they ended before the house in which Austin Burns was at that moment.

As he obliterated the last mark upon the snow and wiped away a minute stain upon

the doorsill, he exclaimed, triumphantly: "Here he is!"

Then he ascended the steps, and, leaning over to the window, looked through the half-closed blinds into the room.

Austin was lying upon a sofa, and over him was bending a man, whose actions at once told that he was a physician.

The young man's breast was exposed, and Gil Bret saw the ugly wound.

"Haxy did tickle 'im some!" thought the bruiser, as he turned away. "An' now, as I know where the chap is, why, I'll give 'im the next shake, an' do some cuttin' on my own account!"

He hastened back over the route he had come, passing Leach's, and soon took a seat in a car of the Blue Line, for South Baltimore.

Next we see him ascending the rickety steps—more like worn boxes thrown roughly together—which lead to the first-story room of one of the filthiest-looking houses in Guilford Alley.

Entering the apartment, which was lighted by a two-cent dip, he glanced around upon its occupants.

At one side was an apology for a stove, and near this sat a woman of full seventy years, withered in countenance, and hair silvered by the frosts of time. Between her teeth was held, firmly, an old, oil-soaked clay pipe, and a sickening odor arose from its sizzling bowl.

Near her, attired scantily for the cold season, was a beautiful girl, and as we look upon her, we are riveted in astonishment.

Were we not certain that Eola Forde was, at that moment, in her father's house, we should say that Eola Forde was here before us in this girl!

The counterpart was exact, save that this face was the youngest by at least two years.

She sat, gazing absently at the floor, but looked up as Gil Bret entered.

The last feature of the scene was a bed, whereon lay something—a human form—covered with a sheet.

"Is she dead yet?" were the first words of the bruiser, as he closed the door after him.

"Dead!" answered the crone.

"Dead!" echoed the girl, in a low voice, that was musical despite the sad tenor in which she spoke.

Bret advanced to the couch, and turned down the sheet.

"An' that's the last of Louise Ternor!" he muttered, slowly, contemplating the icy face.

"The last!" said the old woman, dimly.

"The last!" echoed the girl.

"Don't you be so gloomy 'bout it!" he exclaimed, wheeling around. "It's nothin' but death; an' we're all a-goin' to die some time."

"She died happy, Gil, my boy," and the girl said:

"Yes—happy."

"Happy! Well, I hope she did, that's all. People don't of'n die very happy when their mind's full of 'er bad doin'—like her'n was. An' I spec' I'll kick ag'in' the curb a long time afore I kin die very happy—when I do die."

"She was forgiven," half interrupted she of the pipe; and the fair girl, with gaze still bent, absently, upon the worn planks, added:

"Forgiven in the last hour. How sweet!"

Gil Bret seemed perplexed. He glanced first at one, then at the other, and finally demanded, as he strode to a position between them:

"Forgive, you say? How? Who could forgive 'er?"

"Her old rival, my boy; her old enemy—she was here to-night, right after you went out. But she didn't recognize me!"

"Yes, she was here," endorsed the girl.

"You lie, Marian Mead!" he cried. "How kin sich things be? The one 'at she wronged is dead!"

"Not dead!" asserted the elder of the females.

"Not dead!" repeated Marian.

He seemed more perplexed, and was a little excited at the announcement.

"No! She weren't! She's dead!"

"She was, too, an' she's not dead," went on the crone, in a cracked voice; "and she an' Louise Ternor had a long talk-over by the bed."

"An' what 'ld they say—she—both? Hey?"

"I didn't hear. They spoke in whispers, Gil."

"How was she dressed?—the—"

"In black all over."

"In black! Then Bertha Blake is alive! Haxy was right!"

He began pacing the narrow limit of the room, his shaggy brows contracted in thought, for the news he had received appeared to trouble him.

CHAPTER V.

"OLE WOMAN, WE'RE BU'ET."

PRESENTLY, Gil Bret advanced to the bed, and, inserting his long arm, half its length, between the two mattresses, at the head, moved it, as if in search of something, toward the foot.

"'Tain't any use," said the woman, who was noting his actions.

"Blast the luck!" he exclaimed, harshly, as he withdrew his arm and faced the two.

"'Tain't any use, I said."

"Where's the bag? Hey?—the leather bag?"

"Gone," and Marian echoed the word.

"Gone! No! You don't mean it? Truth, now, I'll choke you both, if you tell me any lies! 'Tisn't gone."

"It's gone," returned the old woman, puffing furiously at her pipe. "Louise Ternor gave it to the woman in black."

er than ever. "You know Bessie Raynor?"

He hesitated and looked at her. Quick as lightning the old woman raised her head.

"Ay, Lorin, and a noble girl she is!" she said. Her old father was as honest a man as ever. Lawrence saw or will see. Silas Raynor was, in times dead and gone, alas! a savior of mine."

"Well, mother, 'tis of Bessie I would speak. I will do so briefly and frankly. I have known her since she was a child. She is scarcely more now, though she has a woman's heart and susceptibilities. More than once has my heart warmed toward her, and my blood has coursed along more briskly as I have held her by the hand, and gazed into her soft, dreamy eyes. In a word, mother, I have, at times, fancied I loved Bessie Raynor. Do not interrupt me, mother; do not frown at me. I must speak the truth. I say, I fancied; I spoke truthfully; when I question myself, I find that it was all fancy—that I do not love Bessie Raynor."

"Do not love Bessie? And why, Lorin?" demanded Mother Moll, in an unnaturally harsh voice.

"Why, mother, I am not honest to love two women. If I love Minerva Ames, I cannot love Bessie Raynor. I do love Minerva."

"You are a foolish boy, Lorin, and you would stand in your own light. Minerva Ames is not worthy of you, my darling boy—nay I do not interrupt me. Your old mother speaks what she knows to be the truth. I say Minerva Ames is not worthy to be your wife, and her father is not a fitting person to own such a son-in-law as you."

"Oh, mother, how can you talk thus? Minerva is soft, gentle and—"

"Granted; but she has a double tongue and a deceitful heart. Think you, Lorin Gray, and her eyes flashed, "that I can be deceived? No! not I already know the tale you have told me—ay! before you opened your mouth. And I know, too, that Minerva Ames is playing with you—I repeat it: playing with you. She would have your home, but she would have Malcolm Arlington's money."

"Malcolm Arlington! Why, mother—"

"I speak the truth, Lorin. I tell you that, in company with that rich banker, she rode by this house, two hours since. Ha! the arrow strikes, does it? Yet 'tis a merciful shaft."

"Oh! mother! mother!" and the young man staggered to his feet.

Softly the old woman laid her hand on his arm and drew him to his seat.

"Listen, my son; I would talk with you."

CHAPTER XXVIII

CROSSING THE PALM.

BESSIE RAYNOR, this same night, sat by the bedside of her brother. There was a feverishness about his hands and face which made her solicitous in regard to him. Her habitually sad look rested upon her face.

Ross saw her gaze fixed upon him. "Be not uneasy about me, Bessie," he said, in a gentle voice, as a faint smile struggled to his face. "Do not be uneasy about me. You know I sleep well last night. The doctor said this morning that I was getting along well."

Poor Ross! he thought he was the only cause of solitude in Bessie's bosom.

Bessie could not shut her eyes to the fact; the little stock of money they had was going fast. The funeral expense, though light in itself, had been heavy when the small amount in the house was taken into consideration.

"I am worried about you, brother," at length she said, "and I am worried about your matters, too. Ross, do you know we have not five dollars in the house. Alas!"

The cripple looked earnestly at her, and a shade of pain came to his face. But then a smile played triumphantly around his mouth as he said:

"Bessie, have you forgotten what you told me of poor papa?—what he told you about the chest, and—"

"No! no!" interrupted his sister. "I had not forgotten; but—" She paused, as her countenance darkened. "I have my doubts, Ross—I do not like to think of that chest. Something seems to whisper in my ear that we will be disappointed—that poor papa's brain was confused—that he spoke idle words."

"Oh, Bessie, how can you talk so? Go now, and open the chest. We will never go to the horrid ruin, with its clatter and roar, again."

Bessie half-started to her feet, as her brother's earnest words fell on her ear.

"The key, Ross! the key!" she murmured. "That terrible stroke of lightning, it was then I lost the key. I have searched for it since, in vain. But I'll go and look again. Ah! if we can find the old pebble-jacket, and, in it, the papers! then we can be happy—we will leave the mill."

A fire sparkled in her eyes, and a deep glow of exultation, of high hope, of longed-for happiness, illumined her cheek. She arose and left the room.

A half-hour elapsed ere she returned. When she entered the apartment again, Ross saw in her every movement the failure of her search.

"You have not found the key, Bessie?"

"No; I have searched high and low, in every nook and corner for it. It is gone!"

"Break open the lid with an ax," said Ross, resolutely.

Bessie started at the proposition.

"Splinter the lid, Bessie," urged Ross.

His sister hesitated no longer. She ran downstairs, and in a moment returned, bringing with her a heavy ax. She seemed bent on taking the cripple's advice. She snatched the lamp and hurried out to the landing, leaving the door open. She placed the lamp near her. But she paused as she gazed on the old storm-battered, salt-stained chest. She thought of her father, of the many ocean leagues that old chest had traveled with him, and a choking sensation came to her throat.

But she nerved herself. The bright metal flashed for a moment in the light and then fell with a crushing thud. The eye of the ax fell on the edge of the lid in which the lock was set. The lock, chain and hasp were stricken entirely away.

Tremblingly Bessie laid the ax aside and knelt by the side of the chest as she flung the lid back. One look inside, and Bessie staggered to her feet. A low wail broke from her lips, as she recoiled into her brother's room and sunk, moaning, to the floor.

The chest was empty!

Lorin Gray leaned toward his mother, and, now that he had unburdened to her

the tale which was weighing him down, he looked her calmly in the face.

"I can tell of the past, my son," she began, "and I can read of the future. I know you do not believe it, and that you, with your book-learning, endeavor to persuade me to abandon my notions. Notions! Does not the past tell what I can do? Yet, of myself I have not the power; it comes from a higher source. But, listen, Lorin; do not smile at me or interrupt me. I will tell you of the future; I will spread before you a picture which you will understand. I do so, to warn you. I'll not speak of Bessie Raynor or Minerva Ames, though already I know their future. Suffice it to say that every thing will work well. But, listen."

As she spoke, she arose, reached down from the mantel an old-fashioned sand-glass, set on four pivots. This she placed on the floor near her, inverting it, so that the sand would trickle through the lower chamber of the instrument.

Having done this, she went to the dresser and took out a handful of salt. This, with a small quantity of charcoal, which she obtained from a vessel on the mantel, she laid in a shovel. Sprinkling over the little heap a tablespoonful of alcohol, she resumed her seat.

For a moment the strange old woman muttered some incoherent and half-inaudible words to herself. Then, suddenly extinguishing the lamp, she lit a wisp of paper by the red coals in the stove, and applied it to the contents of the shovel, which she was now holding above the sand-glass.

Instantly a ghastly, sickly gleam blazed in the room, and lit up every thing with a spectral, corpse-like glamor.

"Ay! ay!" she began, in a low, distinct voice, her head thrown back, and her eyes gazing at the up-curling fumes, "it comes again! A raw, windy day, snow-clouds in the air! The white drapery on the earth! Wild winds through the streets, and along the river! A mighty crash! A mountain of smoke, and then, oh, God! flame! flame! The sky red with the up-lifting fire, and rent with piercing cries, and moans, and wails, and curses, and prayers! The pallid moon, shining ghastly on a dead, smoking ruin! Oh! God, shut out, shut out the view!"

With a sudden movement she emptied the contents of the shovel and arose.

Then, as she staggered for a moment, she walked in the young man's ear:

"'Tis the 'Pemberton' Lorin. Shun it and be safe! When the snow—Ha!" She suddenly paused, as at that moment the crunch of carriage-wheels sounded in front of the house. The sound ceased; the carriage had stopped. Then a female voice, echoing like a silver clarion, exclaimed:

"This is the place, Mr. Arlington—the witch's house! Let us go in, and have our fortunes told."

Then, in reply, echoed the deep, full tones of a man, giving a glad assent.

Mother Moll trembled.

"Away with you, Lorin!" she whispered. "Quick! into the other room there, and listen. She comes!"

Lorin Gray turned at once, as a wild, fearing shudder passed over his frame, and strode into the apartment designated.

He had heard the words, and he knew the voice.

Just as he had closed the door, leaving it slightly ajar, two figures, showing dimly in the uncertain light, entered the room, in which remained Mother Moll. The old woman had just succeeded in relighting the lamp.

"Ha! what a villainous odor!" said Minerva Ames, as she entered the apartment.

"Yes, indeed!" echoed Malcolm Arlington, who stood just behind her.

"Your servant, miss and sir," said Mother Moll, humbly, bowing low. "What would you have of the old fortune-teller, that you thus honor her lowly abode?" and she eyed her guests keenly.

"We were out riding, good dame, and being near your house, we thought we would pay you a visit," said Minerva, smiling blandly.

"You can tell fortunes, I believe?" said Arlington, as a slight sneer broke over his mustached lip.

"I can," was the prompt reply. "Would you have your's unfolded?"

"Not I! 'Tis the lady who wishes to cross your palm."

"I am ready," said Mother Moll. "And as the seeing hour is passing, 'tis best to begin at once. Reach forth your hand, lady."

Minerva slightly drew back; but, placing a piece of money in the old woman's palm, she held out her hand.

Mother Moll gazed at the soft, tender little hand for several moments. Then, as she bent her head, she said, hurriedly:

"Trouble, trouble, fair lady! You have two lovers; to the one who loves you madly you are false, and soon will thus declare yourself; to the other you have already given your hand. With this other you will stand up in marriage. But—there 'tis trouble—trouble which you can not shun, and which nothing can avert."

She ceased, and dropping the hand, turned away.

Minerva Ames started back, and a dark shade of fear came to her face. But she controlled herself, and asked:

"And who is it with whom I will stand—who is it to whom I have given my hand?"

Arlington laughed low; but he suddenly became silent, as Mother Moll answered at once:

"To him who is with you now—to Malcolm Arlington—to whom you have sold yourself for money!"

Again Minerva started violently, and a still darker frown came to her face; but she managed to restrain her emotions, and asked once more, this time in a voice just above a whisper:

"And this other, the true lover as you would make him—who is he?"

"My adopted son, my noble boy, Lorin Gray!"

"Your son! Come, Mr. Arlington!" and Minerva recoiled from the room.

A moment more and the carriage-wheels were rattling rapidly away.

Like a tornado, Lorin Gray burst into the room.

"False! false woman! False, deceitful Minerva! I'll know the worst to-night!"

Unheeding his poor old mother, and her uplifted, appealing hands, he rushed from the room out into the dark night.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 73.)

AN old farmer, whose son had lately died, was visited by a neighbor, who began to console with him on his loss. "My loss!" exclaimed the father, "no such thing; it was his own loss—he was of age."

Overland Kit:

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

OR,
BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PROOF OF GUILT.

THERE was a look of triumph in the eyes of the Judge as he looked around him and noted the effect of his words.

"Mr. Rennet, we'll examine you again," Jones said.

The young man stepped forward.

"You were intimate with the murdered man?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear him say any thing regarding a hold that he had on a certain person?"

"Yes."

"Relate the particulars."

"I met Gains in front of the Eldorado about three days ago; he was under the influence of liquor, and boasted that he had plenty of money. I think he remarked that he had struck 'pay dirt.' I asked him if he had been gambling, and he replied, 'no'; but that he had discovered a secret which somebody would pay him well to keep."

"Did he say any thing to indicate to you who it was that he had a hold on?" the Judge asked.

All within the room leaned forward anxiously, and the supposed criminal, Jimmie, seemed as much in the dark as to what was to come as any of the rest.

"Who was the person indicated by him?"

"The prisoner at the bar, Jimmie Johnson."

A look of utter astonishment swept over Jimmie's face at these words.

"I should like to ask the witness a question," said the old lawyer, rising.

"Certainly," replied the Judge, with an air of assurance that plainly said that he did not think that the old lawyer could make much out of his son.

"Did the murdered man tell you that he possessed a secret concerning Miss Jimmie, and which she was paying him to keep silent?" the old lawyer asked.

"He did not mention her name, but he gave me to understand that he meant her?"

"How gave you to understand?"

"By inference."

"Ah," and the old lawyer glanced at the jury as if to call their especial attention to his words, "he did not say that he possessed a secret concerning Miss Jimmie?"

"Not in those words; no."

"But you guessed that he referred to her?"

"Yes."

"What gave that opinion?"

"Because he said that hereafter he would have the best room in the Eldorado—"

"Nothing in that," interrupted the lawyer; "the Eldorado is the best house in town; a man with money would naturally say that he would have the best room in the best hotel, without reference to who kept it."

"Then, I asked him openly if the secret concerned Miss Jimmie?"

"And he answered yes?"

"No; he evaded the question and said that I couldn't pump him even if he was drunk."

"You see the value of this evidence, gentlemen of the jury, SUP-POSITION!" and the lawyer laid a decided emphasis on the word. "The moon was once 'supposed' to be made of green cheese; perhaps it is, but I don't believe, gentlemen of the jury, that you believe it. Then Rennet sat down, perfectly satisfied. One thing though puzzled him; the face of Judge Jones never lost its confident expression."

You are under oath, Mr. Rennet, and you declare to the best of your knowledge and belief that Gains Tendall, the murdered man, said that he had a secret concerning some one, that he referred to the landlady of the Eldorado?" the Judge asked, with measured accent.

"I do," replied the young man, firmly.

"That will do."

Young Rennet retired.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury, I will present a proof to you that a secret understanding existed between the prisoner at the bar and the murdered man; that he had a hold upon her; that she was paying him to keep silent; and this proof can not be explained away by any legal craft." There was a slight touch of sarcasm in the Judge's voice.

The silence in the room that succeeded the words of the Judge was oppressive; court, spectators, all, seemed to hold their breath as though the slightest sound would disturb the solemn scene.

The Judge drew a folded paper from his pocket-book, and opened it slowly.

This paper was found by Mr. Rennet in the trunk of the prisoner, in her room at the Eldorado. I was present, and in order that there should be no doubt, I caused Mr. Rennet to write his name on the paper."

When the Judge produced the little folded page, a burning blush swept over the face of the girl, but, as he continued on in his speech, it was succeeded by a puzzled look.

All wondered at the varying expressions upon her face, for almost every eye in the room was fixed upon her.

Old Rennet was bewildered; the calm confidence of the Judge, and the confusion of the girl astounded him.

"I will first read what is written on the paper aloud, and then submit it to your inspection," the Judge said, addressing the jury.

Jimmie leaned forward in breathless astonishment, her lips slightly apart and her eyes dilated with amazement.

"MISS JIMMIE:—The money you gave me is gone and I want more. I have come to the conclusion that you didn't pay half, if enough. Why I have only to speak and you will be ruined forever. If you want me to keep my mouth shut, you must pony up. Take an early opportunity to see me, or I shall be obliged to call upon you. Spur City would be a very astonishing place if it knew what I know. I can't wait to make any trouble, but money I must have. You are making plenty; spare a little for me, or else I shall be obliged to enlighten the world as to who and what you really are. GAY?"

A deep silence ensued. The miners looked at each other in astonishment, and the most amazed person in the room seemed to be the prisoner, Jimmie.

The Judge handed the paper to the jury.

"Examine it well, gentlemen," he said; "you see that it is addressed to the prisoner. Here is the motive for the murder. This man, Tendall, possessed a secret concerning

the prisoner; to preserve that secret he was killed."

"Have you any proof that that paper was written by the murdered man?" exclaimed Rennet, catching at straws.

"Yes, your son will bear witness to that fact," the Judge answered, calmly.

Young Rennet's testimony to that effect was complete and overwhelming.

The old lawyer sat down in disgust.

"What the secret is, to preserve which this murder was committed, does not appear; possibly it is in regard to the person who found the girl the money with which she started the Eldorado?" and the Judge cast a side-glance at Dick as he spoke.

"That isn't so, Judge," exclaimed Talbot, in a calm voice, although the purple veins in his temples were swelling out like whip-cords. "I found the money! I'm not ashamed to own it! She's not ashamed of it! Everybody in Spur City could have known it, if it had been any of their business. That girl there is my promised wife; you're trying by false swearing to blacken her good name; you're a set of contemptible cowards to persecute a woman, and I'll hold every man engaged in this affair personally responsible for it, and you, Judge Jones, will be the first!"

The Judge turned deadly pale and half drew the revolver belted at his waist, but he paused as he caught sight of Dick's actions.

Talbot had his Derringer in the pocket of his sack-coat, ready cocked, his hand on it, and by simply raising his arm without withdrawing his hand from the pocket, he "covered" the Judge.

Jones shut his teeth tightly together.

"I call upon all good citizens to protect me from this ruffian," he said, appealingly.

"Look here, Talbot, you're too fast!" exclaimed Haynes. "I reckon that I'm foreman of this jury, and I'll see that the gal has justice and a fair show. Go ahead, Judge; we ain't a-goin' to have any disturbance here."

"I kin settle it!" shouted the man-from-Red-Dog, suddenly, pushing through the line of men into the open space beyond.

"That's been a feller killed; good! I'm the galoot who killed him! Go fur me, now, ye cripples! I'm ready fur to take my gruel like a little man! Say, sis, just slide out with Injun!"

To say that the speech of Dandy Jim carried no little astonishment would be to put the truth.

"You the murderer? Impossible!" cried the Judge.

"He was goin' up to the Gully with us at the time!" exclaimed Billy Brown.

"What's the use of talkin'?" cried the Red-Dog, indignantly. "I say that I'm the man that climbed him! Wot more do you want? Hadn't I ought to know? You bet! Gents, I'm yer antelope!"

But the friends of the man-from-Red-Dog seized upon him, and despite his indignant protests, pulled him back into the crowd again.

"Why can't I be hung for Injun an' the gal if I want to, you durned set of no-souled cusses, you?" he cried, in wrath.

After the tumult caused by this little series of incidents had expired, old Rennet sprung to his feet.

Gentlemen of the jury, you are trying this girl for the murder of Gains Tendall. Where's your proof that the man is dead? Where is his body?" he cried.

"Spirited off by accomplices in the murder," replied the Judge. "Two witnesses swear to the man's death."

"I protest against the authority of this court. You have no legal right to try this girl!" Rennet cried, excitedly.

"Judge Lynch gives the right," replied Jones, sternly. "Gentlemen of the jury, you will retire and deliberate upon your verdict. Gentlemen of the guard, clear the room!"

And thus the trial ended. The citizens gathered in knots; ominous words were freely banded around.

CHAPTER XL.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

THE jury were conveyed under guard to a neighboring shanty.

The Judge posted sentinels around the express office, and stationed ten of the armed men at the door. It was plain that he feared a rescue.

Jimmie remained alone in the office.

After attending to the disposition of his forces, the Judge entered the office again.

"Guess he's going to try and get her to make a clean breast of it," one of the men at the door remarked, as the Judge closed it behind him.

Jimmie sat by the Judge's desk, her head resting on her arm. She looked up in astonishment when she saw who it was. Her face fully expressed her amazement.

The Judge stood silent in the center of the room for a few moments and surveyed her; his face was as rigid as though carved out of marble.

"You're in a terrible plight, Jimmie," he said, at length.

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered, slowly. "Everything has gone against you; the attempt of Talbot to interfere in your behalf has only made matters worse. The citizens now have made up their minds that it will not do to let the gamblers and desperadoes rule Spur City. They will make an example of you to show the rough element that they can't rule the town."

"Dick only acted like a man, that's all," replied the girl, spiritedly.

"You do not fear the verdict?"

"No; why should I? I'm innocent; I know it and Heaven above knows it, too," Jimmie said, earnestly.

"They will bring you in guilty."

"How do you know?" she asked, quickly.

"Have you told them what they ought to say?"

"No; why do you think that way?" the Judge questioned, a slight frown clouding his face. "Besides, it wouldn't matter what I might say. They will find the verdict according to the evidence, and that is terribly against you. What reason have you to think that I would do aught to harm you?"

"Because you act that way," the girl replied, simply.

"You misconstrue my acts. I am your friend—more than that, I love you. I told you so once before."

"You take a queer way to show it," Jimmie answered. "I should think that you hated rather than loved me."

"Again you are wrong. I can and will explain every thing," he said, earnestly.

"I have taken the lead in this affair so that I might control it—so that I might save you from the danger that threatened you."

"Save me?" Jimmie said, incredulously.

"Yes; you do not believe me!"

"No."

"Listen and be convinced!" he cried, quickly. "The jury will bring in a verdict of guilty. Then you will be carried to Austin and delivered into the hands of the regular officers of justice. You will be tried there and they will probably sentence you to the State Prison for life. Think what a fate that will be, to spend all the rest of your life within four stone walls, and you so young, so full of life! Is not that a fate worse than death? From that fate I come to save you."

The girl looked him steadily in the face but made no reply.

"Jimmie, I own frankly that I would rather see you dead than see you the wife of this Talbot. Events have so shaped themselves that you will have to choose between the prison-cell and me. I can and will save you, if you will only let me. Surely, it is not a hard fate to become the wife of a man who loves you as I love you! Jimmie, we'll go far from here—leave this country altogether. I have plenty of money. We'll go where no one will know either of us, and in some great city forget the life that we have left behind us."

"There's one thing that I won't forget easy," replied the girl, quickly.

"And that is?"

"That I love the man that you're trying to tear me away from better than I do my own life. It's no use, Judge; to love you, I've got to be born over again."

"Oh, foolish girl! Do you prefer a prison-cell to my arms?" cried the stern man, in despair.

"That's so, Judge; it's the truth and I must speak it." Little sign of weakness or indecision was there in the voice of the maiden.

"Take time to think, Jimmie; you are now shaping out your life for the next twenty years—perhaps for as long as you shall live. Do not answer hastily," the Judge said, imploringly.

"Judge, I have given you my answer; I can't change it until I'm changed. Though all the world may think me guilty, yet I know that

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
 One copy, four months \$1.00
 One copy, one year 2.00
 Two copies, one year 3.50
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The NEW ROMANCE by the celebrated CAPTAIN J. F. C. ADAMS starts in the

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IN WHICH

OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER,

appears in all his glory as Bear-tamer, Hunter and Indian-fighter, and also acts a leading part in a romance of singular beauty and novelty, wherein "The Wild Hunter of the Hills"—the daughter of the Great Lodge—the fierce Red Avenger of the Blackfeet—the young and brave Alfred Badger, a protégé of Old Grizzly—Leaping Elk, the devoted Indian boy—Old Sanson, the tamed Mountain Grizzly Bear—all participate in a series of acts and adventures that are a constant succession of startling surprises, laughable episodes, perilous and peculiar situations, and mysterious relations. All in all, one of the most remarkable Forest Romances given to the popular press for years.

Don't miss the opening chapters! Newsmen will lay in an additional supply of the next issue, but, to secure the paper with certainty, order your newsdealer to save you a copy!

Our Arm-Chair.

Personal.—"To see ourselves as others see us" is said to be a rare virtue. Here is how we look to a man in Maine who is a great reader and a good judge of literature, as we happen to know:

"The JOURNAL improves with every number, until I wonder each week if the next issue can be better. The moral of your serials is high-toned, and the characters drawn with life-like fidelity. Your 'Star' does not twinkle, it shines; and brilliant is its light, whether in the ladies' boudoir or in the cabin of the Pioneer of the Western wilds. This is not merely my own opinion. All who take it must see that it is almost without a peer. Never may its luster be dimmed!"

If our friends get up such enthusiasm when we are but two years old, what will they do when we are ten?"

L. N. L., sending us subscriptions from Texas, says:

"I read your paper while in New York and liked it very much, but did not think it would find its way regularly to Texas; but my friends here, I learn, receive it regularly, so I hasten to remit you. In my opinion you deserve great credit for the substantial worth of your paper. It is not only the best of the younger papers but I prefer it, like my friends here, to the 'Ledger' or 'Weekly.'"

So long as Texas shows such signs of progress she will answer in the roll-call of the progressive States with a loud 'Hail!' It will always be our study to please such friends as L. N. L.

Why Is It?—We receive a great many poetic contributions—evidently from young persons—whose strains are of wrecked lives, stranded hopes, shattered hearts, wasted sweetness, etc., etc., leading us to infer that the writers of sixteen are either very wise in experience or else are very wretched from heart afflictions. But, we understand the genius *poetica* pretty thoroughly, and know that, as a general thing, the most doleful strains come from the lightest hearts; so we don't grow unhappy over the sad refrains—on the contrary we smile, and say: "Here is another young man or woman who have yet to learn what life and love is."

Why do the young folks thus metaphorically wail? As all things to them are, in fact, on the bright side, why do they so almost invariably run into the shadows for their themes? Being young, and hopeful, and joyous, why don't they give us the strain *sublimis*? Come, young folks, be honest in your youth! Give us the cheerful songs of a blithe heart that yet has got to learn of the dreariness there is in some lives. Don't rush in from the croquet ground, where you have had a most delightful flirtation, and write of tombstones, and forsaken altars, and crushed hearts, for you, in reality, know as little of these things as a land-lubber knows of sharks. Write only of what you do know and feel and you'll write all the more acceptably to editors and readers.

And, another thing: please consider that space in the JOURNAL is precious, and that, therefore, a poem of twenty lines is preferable to one of forty, excellence being equal. The talent for rhyme is a very treacherous one, for it talks too much—takes too many words to tell its story. Put a snaffle-bit on your Pegasus and he'll work better.

The True Educator.—Grace Grover is disgusted with the Ladies' Magazines because their matter is of the maudlin, sentimental order, and seems to be written by school-girls. Grace is just like a good many other readers. There is a time in every bright girl's life when she enjoys these very commonplace, romantically sentimental effusions—these *gushes* of words which mean but little; and to this age these Ladies' Magazines largely cater.

But, once past that period of simpering passion and passionate sentiment, the girl begins to take, on her true womanhood, and then see how rapid or unreal have been her impressions; she drops the said magazines as

she would drop an old-style hat; she reaches out for what is stronger, better in literature, and finds satisfaction only in the best writers—those who write for large pay and are richly worthy of their hire.

While the popular paper can aim at no high intellectualism—that being reserved for the staid and sober Monthlies—if properly conducted it becomes a kind of intellectual necessity to every inquisitive and eager mind, giving it that pabulum which infuses a deep sense of pleasure, and arouses thoughts, feelings, emotions that show us our own nature and character most effectually. This it is that gives the popular paper its hold on the people's affection, and for this reason it is to become a still greater power in the land than it has been in past years.

ONE WOMAN'S PROTEST.

UPON this subject, popular as it is, the writer herself has never before taken up her pen, being in a position similar to that of the lady who, being asked by a gentleman what she held on the great question, pertinently replied, "Sir, I hold my tongue!"

But, the recent speeches of the leaders of the "Victoria League" have provoked her, chiefly through amusement, to throw a word into the great clamor of voices rising all over the land.

First, I want to offer my sincere sympathy to the poor fellows who sit in the next Congress. They surely need it—a terrible responsibility rests upon them. It is to be dreadful to bring on such a revolution as Mrs. Woodhull threatens if they deny women the franchise. Really, I hope she will think better of it, and not quite "overthrow this bogus republic?" Woman-like, she couldn't keep the secret, but must tell the plans of the Convention beforehand. Never mind, my brother; forewarned is forearmed, you know.

Won't it be a funny sight if Congress does dare disappoint these vehement sisters, and they undertake to "set up" their "government founded on righteousness," to see a whole army of feminines in Balmores and Grecian bend-ers, coming down upon the affrighted men? But, oh, my sisters! you know you are so awfully afraid of guns, and so ignorantly awkward in the use of them, that I fear you'll have to give them up and stick to your legitimate weapons—broomsticks!

It won't answer, oh, ye strong-minded! Petticoat government may do occasionally, but it isn't *safe* under all circumstances.

Now, I don't want to vote. There, I am aware that covers me with everlasting disgrace in the eyes of the "strong-minded"; but, I don't stand in fear of them (when they belong to my own sex,) so I say it again, I don't want to vote. I am quite content to let men take the heavy burden in the hymn of life, while I do what I can to help carry the lighter melody.

I believe in woman's rights—in all the sweet rights of true, graceful, earnest womanhood: wifehood, motherhood, sisterhood. But, to take men's place, and men's work, and men's ballot-box—oh, my sisters, these are not woman's rights, but woman's wrongs, and the wrong is of her own working.

It is not woman's province to make laws and lead armies; but, as she has the training of those by whom laws are made and armies are led, she has, after all, the highest, most important work.

No, my sisters, we have a wide enough world of our own, where we may reign queens in our own right, and until we make a better use of the *rights we have*, there should be less parade of "wrong" and clamor for positions we are not fitted, by taste, by nature, by education, to fill.

What is there a "woman's wit" will not aid us to do now? What influence over the votes of the men we are immediately associated with, and the boys we train, can not we have if we keep ourselves informed? And if the votes were in our own hands would we be informed any better?

Some good might and would be done by giving woman the franchise; but, in the great sea of evils, it would count so little beside the evil it would produce as to be entirely swallowed up and overwhelmed.

Women should certainly have equal wages with men—I am not sure they do not deserve larger; but, this can be compassed without going to the ballot-box ourselves. This, however, is so wide a field, and the space in which I work so small, that I may safely leave argument to abler pens.

But, I want to understand that when Mrs. Woodhull and her grand army of petitioners come along to "overthrow this bogus republic," I'm going over to the enemy!

It won't pay, my dear strong-minded sisters, it won't pay! You may go and vote if you want to—I'll stay at home and rock the babies and keep the hearth-stone bright!

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Foolscap Papers.

Improved Geography.

EVERY time in this world gets old, and, like butter, doesn't improve with age. A new order of things, a new disposition of forces, are always desirable, and in this age variety is the spice and pepper of life.

Geographies are the same now as they used to be when I was a boy, without any visible change, and of course it has got to be exceedingly old-fashioned, and is apt to be monotonous to fastidious people of modern tastes, who are constantly on the look-out for something new.

I have considered this state of affairs deeply and with an eye to the amelioration of mankind, and have spent the latter portion of my valuable life in preparing a geography, in which the worn-out order of things is entirely discarded. The book is now going through the press (it will stand the pressure), and I expect to see it universally introduced into all schools in our star-spangled land. Agents wanted in every State.

From this new and unique geography I beg to offer a few extracts, which, besides being highly flavored, possess the inextinguishable charm of novelty and truth:

The Niagara Falls were instituted for the express benefit of worthy hotel-keepers. They are situated on the prairies of Illinois, and not between New York and Canada as represented on the old maps, and are formed by the waters of the English Channel climbing up Mount Washington and tumbling down on the other side to fast music. People at five dollars a day can have a pretty good time there—if they are not very particular. Niagara is a regular roarer. When you wake up at night you imagine you have one of those old-fashioned roars in your

head which you used to have whenever you went to bed with your boots on.

Niagara has frequently been told to dry up, but she wouldn't. It is a great place for rainbows. The Niagara-landed servants are very Niagara-valing, and I once got a rainbow over my eye for asking one to be in a hurry with the steak. A little steamer there carries passengers up and down the falls.

The North Pole is situated somewhere in the imagination of Captain Hall.

The Mammoth Cave is generally supposed to be in the State of Kentucky, but it is under Kentucky. A plan is on foot to raise it above ground, so as to improve the temperature. The fishes in it all wear spectacles, and carry torches in their hands. The first time I ever saw it I *caved*. The most mammoth cave I ever saw is the mouth of a country relative of mine; my very virtuous cave before him. That cave is not under ground—yet.

The Mississippi, according to act of Congress, is the longest river in the world. It flows through the United States into the Gulf of Mexico, flows through the Atlantic, forming what is known as the Gulf Stream, and empties into a large tub prepared for it near the North Pole. It was first discovered by Mr. De Soto, a brother to Minnie-Soto. Steamboats run down and blow up on it.

Farms in the Great African Desert are remarkable for their cheapness; the land is so good it couldn't be improved, and affords excellent pasturage for cattle, and there is plenty of water anywhere within three thousand miles of it. Colonies please take notice.

Long Branch on my map I have placed in ten minutes' walk of New York for the benefit of common people.

I have placed Sing Sing so far out of the way of people that don't want to sing-sing that it is an utter impossibility for anybody ever to get to it at all, and have received the thanks of half the community at large.

I have reduced the Atlantic to thirteen miles in width, and to keep the same quantity of water in it I have increased its length 30,000 or 40,000 miles.

By referring to my map you will plainly see that the city of London is no larger than Hoboken, so the British will have no more reason to blow about it now, and New Yorkers will be satisfied for they can see that I have made this city eleven miles wider, by setting the North River further back into New Jersey, without having to pay Jersey landholders any compensation for destruction of property.

For the benefit of people who have more intentions than money to visit Mount Vesuvius, I have deemed it my duty to transport that mountain bodily and place it among the Catskills, in the State of New York. I have entirely ruined the beautiful Bay of Naples for it all poured down the hole from which the mountain was extracted. Vesuvius can be seen now easily on my map taking an occasional smoke and threatening to burn a hole in the map. Anticipating such a disaster, I have caused the Colorado Canon to flow on three sides of it.

On my summer map I have placed the United States very close to the frigid zone; and on my winter map have put it closer to the equator, so that the climate, after this, will be a little more suited to the people who are continually complaining about it.

I have contracted the great Chinese wall into one sixteenth its usual size, and the Chinese are all huddled so close together there isn't standing room, and the natural consequence will be that they will all die off, and the vexed Chinese question will be settled forever.

On my map I have enlarged my town lot to the size of a whole State, and I am now ready to sell improved farms to actual settlers. The map can be seen at my office, where I have stationed thirteen clerks to describe my land on the map with sticks, and to take in money and give receipts.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORSE.

Little Johnny Clem,

THE DRUMMER-BOY OF CHICAMAUGA.

BY H. CADWALLADER.

THERE are but few persons who read the current events of the war for the Union as they were transpiring who do not remember, among the enduring record of brilliant achievements made by distinguished officers and the gallant rank-and-file of the army, the invincible spirit and soldierly qualities displayed by that remarkable child-soldier known as "Little Johnny Clem, the Drummer-Boy of Chicamauga."

Various references from time to time respecting this infantile prodigy of the war have appeared in books and newspapers, yet all have failed to embody some of the most prominent incidents connected with his army life.

"The Rebellion Record," by Frank Moore, and Lossing's "History of the Civil War in America," have each consigned to the pages of history the undaunted deed that has enrolled his name forever among the most gallant and devoted spirits that participated in the hard-fought battle of Chicamauga, as well as in other battles to the end of the war. Lossing speaks of Little Johnny as "probably the youngest person who ever bore arms in battle"; hence every incident connected with his entering the army, and while therein, possesses peculiar interest to those who watched the trembling balance of their country's fate and the valor of those to whose keeping they were confided.

John L. Clem, a motherless atom of a drummer-boy, who might have been placed, in April, 1861, within a "regulation" drum, was born in Newark, N. J., August 13th, 1851. In May, 1861, shortly after the war broke out, offered his infantile services as a drummer to Captain McDougal, of the Third Ohio regiment, which was then passing through his native town, but on account of his size and tender years (not yet being ten years old) he was rejected. The regiment was on its way to the front, and having taken passage on the cars for Cincinnati, our little hero went down upon the same train, where he offered himself to the Twenty-second Michigan regiment, who also declined to muster him in on account of his size, owing to the fact that he was a verger spirit with which he maintained his determination to follow the fortunes of his country upon the field, he was allowed to accompany the regiment in all its subsequent movements, until at length he was beating the "long roll" in front of Shiloh in April, 1862, where his soldierly spirit won the confidence and admiration of the officers of the regiment that, in June or July, 1862, he was enlisted at Covington,

Kentucky, as a drummer, but serving afterward also as a "marker."

At Shiloh (known also as Pittsburg Landing) his drum was mashed by a piece of shell, which occurrence won for him the appellation of "Johnny Shiloh," as a title of distinction for the fearless manner in which he discharged his duty at that bloody battle; and at Chicamauga, of which I shall presently speak, that field of Thomas' glory and renown, he received the title of "Little Drummer-Boy of Chicamauga," under which his name and title will live forever in connection with an act performed by him, which, for coolness and undaunted valor, is not equaled on the pages of ancient or modern warfare, in one so young, and which won for him the highest meed of praise from Rosecrans and Thomas, and every officer and man of the Army of the Cumberland.

Little Johnny, having just passed his twelfth year, exchanged the "long roll" of the drum for the "brisk fire" of the deadly musket; and on the 23d of September, 1863, when the line of battle was about being formed, our Little Drummer-Boy, now acting as a "marker," might have been seen with his trusty little musket, as it afterwards proved, which had been shortened for his use, seated upon a caisson side by side with artillerymen, going to the front to form the line and face the coming storm of death in common with others. The line being formed, he took his position in the ranks, and with his true and trusty little musket began putting in the periods quite on his own account, blazing away close to the ground, like a fire-fly in the grass. At the close of the day, when the army was retiring toward Chattanooga, the brigade to which Little Johnny belonged was ordered to hold its position, but, being afterward surrounded by the Confederates, a demand for its surrender was made directly after its charge had been repulsed, when an officer (a colonel) of the advancing enemy, rode up toward our little hero, who could not fall back as rapidly as the rest of the line, and made a special demand of him, exclaiming: "Halt! Surrender, you—d—little Yankee son of a—"

Still coming with his sword drawn, upon little Johnny, who had now brought his musket to an "order arms," and in doing which slipped his hand down the barrel and cocked it while at "order," when our little hero, unimpaired to obedience of the chaste summons he had just received, suddenly swung up his musket to the position of "charge bayonet," and fired, when, lo! our little David brought down the proud Goliath, who fell from his saddle, his lips fresh stained with the reproachful epithet he had just flung upon a mother's grave in the hearing of her child. Simultaneously with the performance of this brilliant deed, the regiment to which Little Johnny belonged was fired into by the surrounding enemy, when he fell as though he had been shot, and laid there until darkness closed in; then he arose and made his way toward Chattanooga after the rest of the army.

Now all history may be searched in vain for an instance of such forethought, courage, and self-reliance in a mere child as this, and which alone has already given this child-soldier an immortality of fame as one of the most heroic characters of the war. A reference to this most daring act in the papers of the day was the first intimation of his family had received of his whereabouts during his two years' absence or upward.

Lossing's history speaks of him as having received three balls through his cap during the fortunes of the day at Chicamauga, which statement has since been fully confirmed, only that they were received directly after he had shot the colonel.

For his undaunted valor and heroic conduct he was made a sergeant by Rosecrans, who placed him upon the roll of honor and attached him to the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland, and a daughter of Chief Justice Chase presented him with a silver medal, inscribed: "Sergeant, Johnny Clem, Twenty-second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, from N. M. C." which he worthily wears, as a priceless badge of honor, upon his left breast, in connection with his Grand Army medal.

In a few days after Little Johnny's arrival at Chattanooga our tiny gunner was captured, with others, while detailed to aid in bringing up the supply trains from Bridgeport, Ala., and held in captivity for sixty-three days, and during which time he was kept on the move, until he was at length paroled near Tallahassee, Florida, and sent to Camp Chase for exchange, which was not completed with. Having captured this gallant little prize the enemy despoiled him of the companionship of his little bullet-riddled cap, which he endeavored in vain to retain as a reminiscence in the future of the perils through which he had passed; taking also from him his jacket and shoes. Upon reaching our lines he found General Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland, who received him with the warmest enthusiasm, and made him an orderly sergeant, and attached him to his staff.

In addition to the battles of Shiloh and Chicamauga, he was at Perryville, Stone River, (sometimes called Murfreesboro) Resaca, Kenesaw, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Nashville, and others, where the Army of the Cumberland covered itself with so much glory. Besides the balls that passed through his little cap at Chicamauga, he was struck over with a fragment of shell upon his hip and twice by balls. Upon one of the latter occasions he was in the act of delivering a dispatch to General Thomas from General Logan, at Atlanta, when a ball struck his little pony obliquely near the top of his head, killing him and wounding his fearless little rider in the left shoulder. He is held in the highest estimation by all the men of the Army of the Cumberland, and General Thomas was his fast friend and correspondent to the time of his death.

He served until the end of the war, when he was honorably mustered out, and at once directed his attention to qualifying himself for a cadetship at West Point, to which he had been appointed a cadet at large by President Grant, upon the recommendation of Generals Thomas and Logan, and other officers of the Army of the Cumberland, in recognition of his gallant services.

Upon one occasion, when asked "Why he laid aside his drum and took up the musket?" he replied: "Because I did not like to stand and be shot at without shooting back!" And during the battle of Chicamauga he said to some of his comrades, "he did not intend to be captured by any one man," and well he kept his promise. Now, let the world be challenged for a worthier little hero than is here portrayed, whose indomitable spirit neither absence, hardships, or perils could deter from the service of his country.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that do not fully comply with the following rules:—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned unless stamps accompany the return, for such return.—Book MSS. postage in two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked, "Book MSS.," and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a postage marked as "Book MSS.,"—MSS. which are important as to well-worth of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Can not use "Meet Me, Darling." No stamps.—Will use "The Wrong Man."—We return "That Umbrella." It is the second time it has been sent to us.—The poem submitted by W. H. 8th avenue, we believe is not original with master Willie. Don't you do it again!—Can not use "Caged with a Maniac." Stamps enclosed but no address on the MS.—Can not use MS. "Henry Holland." No stamps.—Will find place for "Mid-Ocean Bride."—A Friend in Need.—"Love and the Gravel."—The MS. by Mrs. L. C. S. we return. They are not just what we need.—Will use poem, "Forsaken." It is very good.—Can find place for poems, "Embrace," "The Prairie and the Ocean," "Vision of the Future," "Last Farewell."—We return "Spaniard's Revenge," having on hand enough of that class of story.—Will use the little poem, "The Dying Wish."—Also, the sweet little *sermonette*, "What a pretty Red World."—Also, the pleasantly-told incident, "The Battle Cry of the South."—The MS. by "As You Like It," is hardly the story. The author has our thanks for his good words to us.—The MS., "Heater's Revenge," we can not use. No stamps.—"Ditto," "A Grave Lesson," "The Annie Simpson's Holiday," "Beaten Down by a Leaf," "A Hypocrite's Reward," "Penelope Ann," "A Miserable Story of the Night of the Gravel," "The Gravel Lover," "Keepsakes," "The Goat of Homol," "The Murder in Wall Street," "Panther Joke."

KIRKBY JOHN. We can hardly advise you. If the young lady has an aversion for you, and presses herself on her attentions is to make her your irrevocable enemy. We would give her a wide-go-by.

LIZZIE S. S. Do not write to the woman, for we feel certain she is acting badly. She is a wicked and traps of some of this city's men and women are enough to make Satan himself sigh.

COL. ST. C. There of course is nothing improper in your sending the book, "The Lover's Casket," but has rejected you and asking her to read several passages in it. "The Lover's Casket" contains much good advice for both sexes.

Authors will oblige the editor by remitting their MS. pages properly arranged. To open a package and find that its folios are all reversed is almost tantamount to a rejection. Always lay page 1 to be uppermost, and the due order of succession be followed.

SINCERITY. See the DIME HOUSEWIFE'S COMPANION, for a whole chapter of recipes for cleansing faces, making carriages, and other domestic duties. GRACE. If you have no idea of marrying it certainly is wrong to "keep company" with a young man—especially if you know he is "on matrimony intent." A flirt or coquette is a mean person, at best.

F. B. We shall give the Captain's story, now in our hands, in due season. He is not writing at present for any paper, but he will again resume his literary labors in our behalf.

S. M. F. A wood block portrait costs in proportion to size and character of work—say from fifteen to fifty dollars. Send photo, to N. Y. & Co., Engravers, John St., N. Y., and ask information.

WM. FISKE. Nine numbers, forty-five cents, and postage eight cents.

AMARANTHA asks us for a remedy for neuralgia, from which she is a sufferer. This is said to be an excellent: Prepare horse-radish by grating and mixing in vinegar, the same as for the table, and apply to the temple when the pain is there. It is said to do what the pain is in the arm or shoulder. Do not let it remain on long enough to blister.—The same correspondent asks if warts can be removed. Certainly they can, by applying the juice from milk-weed, "Asclepias corall," to the wart once, and it will assume a chalky state, disappear and not return. All applications of caustics are to be avoided.

BLUE writes: "About four years ago I formed the acquaintance of a young lady, and from the first I have loved her devotedly. I have given up all my companions who were at all likely to be of any use to me, and I have changed my mode of life and all for her sake, so as to be worthy of her. Lately I offered myself. She told me that she loved me, but she would not go she promised another gentleman to wait for him; but now, she feels that she does not love him as she does me. She does not want to be married, and she never marries. My rival is a favorite of the young lady's father and I am not. He is much older than I am, and he is a very rich man. I am in the nature, whether I leave her altogether or wait. I am sure that she loves me, but then there is the other party and she likes him too." It is hard to advise a young man in such a dilemma. The girl, upon whom he has bestowed his heart's love, doesn't know her own mind; in fact, has been flirting with "Blue" for some time. If she is a single and never marries, my rival is a favorite of the young lady's father and I am not. He is much older than I am, and he is a very rich man. I am in the nature, whether I leave her altogether or wait. I am sure that she loves me, but then there is the other party and she likes him too." It is hard to advise a young man in such a dilemma. The girl, upon whom he has bestowed his heart's love, doesn't know her own mind; in fact, has been flirting with "Blue" for some time. If she is a single and never marries, my rival is a favorite of the young lady's father and I am not. He is much older than I am, and he is a very rich man. I am in the nature, whether I leave her altogether or wait. I am sure that she loves me, but then there is the other party and she likes him too." It is hard to advise a young man in such a dilemma. The girl, upon whom he has bestowed his heart's love, doesn't know her own mind; in fact, has been flirting with "Blue" for some time. 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BEYOND THE STARS.

BY ST. ELMO.

Beyond the stars lies a mystical land,
Beautiful, gorgeous, magnificent, grand,
Where the wild birds sing sweet songs by day,
And the dolphins sport 'mid the glittering spray;
Where the sweet flowers wave o'er the dark mo-
rass,
And the myrtle tangles the narrow pass:
Where the still, gray rocks, with their haughty
crests,
Embrace with their arms the wild eagle's nests.

In the midst of this land, a crystal lake,
Fringed with a circle of dark-green trees,
In a shower of foam on the rocks did break,
Caught by the breath of the whispering breeze:
And a delicate island, softly furled
Its dark-green fringe 'mid a sea of fire,
Where the jeweled rays of the sunlight curled,
Like the flames around some funeral pyre.

A delicate grotto with sea-moss dressed,
And snow-white pearls in its coral hair,
Where the dewdrops soft, on its brow had pressed
A shower of kisses, sweet and rare,
And a murmuring stream that flowed softly by,
'Mid the tangled fern that lined the shore,
And gently caressed by the wind's low sigh,
Was a spot that fairies sought of yore.

'Tis a beautiful place, this fairy isle,
Where the soft-browed thrush and turtle dove,
With their low, rich note and mimic wile,
Told tales of the gr-at Creator's love;
And up from the depths of the fairest hair,
A maiden fair, (as the legend tells),
With the silver spray in her midnight hair,
Sprung at the call of the elfin bells.

This spiritual maid, with her dark-blue eyes,
Was the destined queen of this fair land,
But there came afar from the Southern skies
An outlawed chief with his robber band,
And they tore the maid from her pearly cave,
While the soft breeze with a mournful wail
Sung a requiem o'er the moss-grown grave,
That lies in that flower-enchanted vale.

When the midnight stars, with their eyes of fire,
Look down from their azure throne on high,
And the shadows tangle the myrtle's wire,
Leaving behind the trace of a sigh,
Then a specter dressed in its robes of white,
With blue eyes, and a crown of mist,
Floats softly about the darkened light,
O'er the emerald shore its feet have kissed.

In the Wilderness.

IV.—THE WILDWOOD GRAVE.

NEXT day the party were ready for new adventures. Gustus, in a suit of the roughest kind of slops, accompanied the expedition. His fishing rod had been repaired by Ben, and he presented a queer appearance in a pair of nether garments which barely reached the tops of the high boots he had borrowed, and a coat which had been through three fishing expeditions in the North Woods. The boots were too large for him, and his thin legs wobbled about in the wide tops in a very ridiculous manner, which drew a smile from his companions, which they did not try to suppress.

"You are the very best ideal of a fisherman," Gustus may say, "but I have no doubt you will win your spurs to-day. How would you like to have Maud Bereton see you now?"

"Don't mention it," said Gustus, with a shudder. "I could not bear it."

The party were not bent for rift-fishing to-day, but for a long stretch of deep water below, a splendid place for flying. They reached the fishing-ground, prepared their casts, and the fun grew fast and furious. As usual, poor Gustus was in bad luck. His first cast was a failure, and when he retrieved it, his leader became hopelessly entangled in a branch which overhung the creek. He was quite alone, for the party had separated, two on each side of the stream, some distance above and below him.

"Ridiculous!" muttered Gustus. "I must have it down."

He caught up a broken branch with a hooked piece on it, and grappled the pine bough, drawing it gradually downward with one hand, while he reached for his line with the other. Twice he tried, and as often as he did so the branch swung away from him. At last he grasped it angrily, losing patience, and a sharp cry of pain followed, and repeated cries brought back the fishermen on a run, and they beheld a sight which was so ludicrous in spite of the pain the victim was sustaining, that a universal shout of laughter burst from all. Behold Gustus, standing upon tip-toe, grasping the crooked stick with which he had drawn down the branch with all his strength, his other arm stretched to its utmost extent, and the point of a sharp hook through the muscles of his forefinger. His face was distorted by rage and pain, and Ben sprang to the rescue, aided by Scrib-ler. The latter climbed the tree, and put his foot upon the branch, and bent it down so that Ben severed it by a single cut from his hunting-knife. The process of removing the hook was simple but not pleasant, but was performed quickly and skillfully by the old guide. Outing the fly from the leader, he cut off the feathers and thread, leaving the shank of the hook bare. This done, he forced the point of the hook through the flesh and drew it from the wound, amid howls of agony from Gus-tus.

"There," said he, "shut up. That's a mere flea-bite. Seems to me nothing suits you but to get into trouble. 'Tain't pleasant, I know, but it's the fortune of war. I remember the first time I ever got a hook into me. The old woman didn't want me to go fishing, but I was bound to go. I was setting on a log, putting on a hook, and my line was laying on the ground behind me. She grabbed the line and tried to pull it away from me, just as I put it in my mouth to wet the loops, and if she didn't hook me clean through the lower lip I don't want a cent. It felt good, you bet, and father cut it out just as I took the hook out of Greeny here, and it was fun while it lasted. I told you before that you'd pull too heavy on that big fly of these days."

Gustus, with undiminished courage, replaced the fly he had lost, and the party again separated, and Gustus, proceeding with greater care, managed to land a few medium-sized trout without any further mishap. The party gathered for their mid-day lunch upon a piece of level turf, and ate with the appetites of fishermen. Just in front of them, by the side of the stream, was an oblong mound, which old Ben seemed to avoid as he stepped about, and Scrib-ler noticed it.

"Why do you avoid the spot?" he said.

"Because it is a grave," replied Ben, solemnly. "the grave of an old guide."

"Who was he, Ben?"

"A half-breed that used to guide fisher-men, as I do now. They called him Injun Joe, and a stranger or a stronger man didn't walk the woods. I've been out with him myself time and again, and I must say that the Injun was a likely feller and a good hand at a scout. He was killed—killed suddenly—as it were, in a minute."

"Tell us about it, Ben," said Scrib-ler. "I think the foundation for a yarn can be found in this grass-grown sod."

"It was seven year back that it happened, in the spring of the year. A large party had come up from below, and when they came to Miller's shanty, where we started from after you left my house, they hired another guide, one Ned Foster, a black-looking feller from the West, that nat'rally hated an Injun like pizen, and of course he was down on Joe. I didn't like it that there should be quarreling in the party, but I know'd Joe was good-natured, and would stand a good deal before he'd hit back. Things went on pooty well fur three or four days, though Ned was always flinging out at Joe, but he only laughed at it. One night we was camped here on the bank of a where this chap hooked himself, and maybe we passed the whisky a trifle too often; I dunno; anyway, Ned began to blow about the Injuns and how they was poor, sneaking, pizen, miserable cusses, not fairly worth their salt. As a gen'ral rule I agree with him, but it wa'n't true of Injun Joe, who 'arned his livin' honestly. But Ned bore mighty hard on him, and kept drinking all the time, till after a while they got to hot words, and Ned struck the half-breed. Lord! afore he had time to think, he was laying on the ground, with the mark of a hatchet on his head, and I'm thinking if he hadn't stepped in, Joe would have raised his ha'r. He were mad enough for any thing. When Ned came to himself he was sober enough, and one of the gentlemen spoke up and said that they would get along without his help, and he might go home as soon as he liked."

"Then you think more of the cussed Injun than you do of a white, eh?" said Ned.

"You began the quarrel," said the gentleman. "Joe would never have laid a finger on you if you had minded your own affairs. In the morning I will pay you, and you may go."

"I'm thinking I'd better go to-night," said Ned, as he took up his rifle. "Joe, you red bully, I'll pay you. As true as I'm talking to you, you'll never see another sunset."

"I thought then he didn't mean what he said, but Joe looked frightened a little, for he knew Foster had a bad heart. We was on the march next day early, and Joe got away from the rest, slyly away to fish by himself, Injun fashion. I was about forty rod below, when I heard a riddle, and run up. Joe was lying under that tree where you are sitting, Square Viator, shot through the heart. Of course it was Ned Foster done it, but from that day to this no man has ever seen his face in the North Woods. I dunno where he is, but if I was to die, I'd swear he murdered Injun Joe, and ought to be hung for the crime. Pass that pie this way. I think I kin worry a little of it down."

And while they smoked their after-dinner pipes, and Gustus slept in the shade, the busy pencil of Scrib-ler was at work on a sketch of the "Guide's Grave." An hour after they were again afoot, tramping down the shining stream.

Love in the Farm-house.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Or all incomprehensible people, Ida Velmer, I declare you take the lead! Here you are, your trunks packed, your traveling dress lying ready to don, and you not yet decided where you are going!"

And Christine Raceworth, Ida's special friend, plumped herself down in the one easy-chair left in Miss Velmer's dressing-room.

Ida laughed—a low, joyous laugh it was, that showed she did not care to hear it; it certainly made you admire her, on account of the charming dimples that peeped from her pink cheeks, and because of the perfect, tiny teeth she displayed.

Yes, Ida Velmer was undeniably pretty; besides, she was rich; and more than all, very independent in all her ways and "whims," of which this last, according to Christine, was the most eccentric.

"Why, child, you'll never be able to secure a decent suite of rooms with no more notice than it seems you are going to give. There's Mrs. Auston telegraphed two weeks ahead for *hers*, and then, *only* got them."

Ida was twisting a long, loose curl that hung between the plaits of her hair—lovely, golden-bronze hair it was, too—and listened very complacently to her friend's remarks.

"But, Mrs. Auston went to Saratoga, you know, and I'm not going there."

"It will be just the same at Newport or Long Branch."

"Long Branch!" and Ida's little mouth curled contemptuously. "I'm just sick of the sound of the name! I can't see how any sensible person would go there to be mixed up in the miscellaneous crowd that patronizes it. And—when I recall the means of transit—that—well, I will say nothing further, only I would not be paid to suffer two months at the Branch."

"Might I inquire where you will go?"

Christine asked a little impudently, and then smiled at her answer.

"I have this minute decided where to direct my baggage. Hand me those cards, Tiny, and that fountain pen."

And Ida hastily wrote—"Berrybank, New Jersey," on the three blank cards.

"There," she exclaimed, triumphantly, "I am going to Berrybank, to my cousin Joanna's. I never thought of it until this very moment. And if she won't have me, or hasn't room, I'll find some other quiet country place; for I'm just disgusted with the city, and fashions, and fellows."

"Particularly Chauncey Vere?" Tiny's dry tone brought the vivid blushes to Ida's face, but she answered hotly enough.

"Yes, and Mr. Vere particularly! He's no better than all the rest, a good dancer, whose highest qualification consists in making an unexceptionable bow, and cultivating a set of Dundreary whiskers."

And that contemptuous little curl was plainly visible on Ida's lips. Christine smiled in a certain superior way she had.

"Well, my dear, I am sure everybody thinks you are going to marry Mr. Vere—you've flirted scandalously."

"Then everybody will be mistaken; and I've flirted no worse than he has. Anyhow, I like him, first-rate—would like him better if he had more brains and less."

"What's that? who slammed that ball door?"

"Oh, it's one of the maids—what were you saying, Ida?"

"I forget now. If it isn't ten o'clock!"

Yes, there's the expressman for my trunks. Just tell him to take them to the Cortlandt

street ferry, Christine, and I'll dress while the carriage is coming round."

A quiet little country station; a long, straight road, bordered by rustling maples and greenest grass; broad fields stretching away on every side, and a vast apple orchard in the distance.

A sweet, delicious calm rested over every thing; a sort of "religious rest," that went straight to Ida Velmer's heart as she stood on the little dingy platform, after the train had crept slowly on—it was an "accommodation"—the express had left an hour earlier and passed long ago.

There was no one at Berrybank station to meet her—she had not expected it, of course—and which way to go was a sore puzzle. But Ida sat down on one of her trunks, and took a mental survey, that was suddenly broken in upon by the sound of carriage-wheels; and looking up she saw a gentleman driving leisurely along in an exquisite little phaeton.

Impulsiveness was one of Ida's greatest charms—hence the look of surprise and admiration in the gentleman's grave eyes as she addressed him.

"I beg pardon, but will you be so kind as to tell me the way to Farmer Markins'?"

Then, as she met freely those grave, sparkling eyes, she gave a little start, and exclaimed, "Oh!"

The gentleman smiled.

"It is three miles further on in the direction I am going. If I might venture, I would be proud to take you there. Perhaps you will not think it amiss when I inform you I am not so great a stranger as you think; you are Miss Ida Velmer? I recognize you from a photograph my cousin has—Chauncey Vere—also my name. May I assist you in?"

So now she knew why the look in his eyes had startled her—they were so like Mr. Vere's; only there the resemblance ceased; for this gentleman wore no horrid sentimental Dundreary whiskers, but a darling mustache over his well-curved lip. He was so sedate, too—so unlike that rattle-brained cousin of his.

And Ida smiled bewitchingly as she took the front seat, while Mr. Vere politely moved to the little perch in the rear; and she wondered "was he married?" and forthwith began her siege upon his heart.

But, Mr. Vere was quick; certainly very gentlemanly, but rather too reticent for our Ida, who was used to being indulged by men. But she was charmed while slightly piqued; so, when Mr. Vere assisted her to alight at the farm-house, and said: "May I not be permitted to continue this pleasant acquaintance?" she answered, quite idly: "Really, Mr. Vere, while I am indebted to you for the favor of the ride, I do feel that I would rather not be troubled with gentleman callers. I got too tired of it at home."

He only bowed, and seemed to hide the twinkle in his eyes, and drove off, while Ida went in to surprise and delight the Markins'.

The weeks had gone on at the pleasant farm-house, and Ida Velmer had drifted on with them, until this cool August afternoon, when she had locked herself in her room, she made up her mind to float no longer with the current, but boldly face it.

By this, she meant to look herself in the eyes, and say, indignantly: "Ida Velmer, you are a consummate fool! You, who thought it nothing to play with hearts as a child would with jack-stones, have succumbed at last! And, shame! shame! to a man you never saw but once!"

Then, as with flushing cheeks she admitted the truth, she took refuge in a womanly cry—and felt better.

She had not seen this Mr. Vere since that first time; but she had learned he owned the elegant country-seat next to the Markins', and had come down the very day she had come—from where, she had not asked, or thought. Indeed, there was but one thought for her, connected with him, and that was, she had given all her love to him.

Her cheeks were burning still, when she sauntered through the gardens and down to the edge of the pond. She took a book with her, and sat down in an oaken chair by the water's side.

Then, out of the summer stillness, came voices to her ear, and on the lawn, in the distance, she saw a group of people, where a thick hedge intervened to screen the speakers.

"Howard, I tell you I *must* see her again! Just think of not seeing one's sweetheart for six blessed weeks—it's atrocious!"

"Then go to the farm-house, Chauncey; she'll forget what she said to you the day you drove her up."

"Wasn't she pretty, though? I tell you what it is, Howard, I never could love a woman in all my life as I do Ida Velmer! But I fear she'll never return it. If I thought I could win her out here, I'd never go back to New York. I know she despised me there; and I don't wonder, for I was often ashamed of myself, to think I was spending week in and week out in dressing, dancing, and promenading. But she opened my eyes, bless her sweet countenance! I heard her tell Miss Raceworth, the morning she started for Berrybank, and it was as much as I could do to get out of the parlor and catch the express to get her ahead of her. Do you think she knew me, Howard? That false mustache was not so good a disguise."

The voices grew fainter, as if the gentlemen were walking away; and Ida, pale now, and almost breathless, leaned back in the rustic chair to think it all over.

That night, Chauncey Vere came to the farm-house, all unconscious that the mask had fallen; but it was enough that Ida met him, all blushes and shy welcome, for before the midnight moon arose, there was perfect peace between the two, and Ida Velmer had promised to be Ida Vere when the next June roses dropped their petals at the Vere country-seat—Howard Vere's it was.

Without an Enemy.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that one should be going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his head against, disputing every man's opinions, fighting and elbowing, and crowding all who differ from him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have their opinions—so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist than it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

Out in the World:
OR,
THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WEDDING AND A SCARE.

THE Alward mansion was brilliantly illuminated, and the large parlors and reception-rooms were thronged with guests invited to participate in the wedding ceremony and festivities which were to celebrate the marriage of Grace Alward to Mr. Chauncey Watterson.

They were not to be married at home, but at St. Peter's Episcopal chapel, to which a number of persons, for whom there was no room at Grace's house, were invited. Before eight o'clock the chapel was crowded, and everybody was on the tiptoe of expectancy.

At last the wedding-march was pealed forth by the grand-voiced organ, and then all eyes were directed toward the doors which opened into the vestibule.

A moment more, and they were flung back by the kidded and perfumed sexton, and in came Lucy Watterson, who was the bridesmaid of the occasion, leaning on the arm of Robert Alward, Grace's only male cousin, while close behind, looking exceedingly handsome, came Chauncey Watterson, and clinging to his arm, the lithe, fairy-like form of Grace.

Every person thought the happy pair handsome, and every eye followed them as they swept up the middle aisle to the chancel railing where the white-haired minister stood.

So engaged was the attention of the vast audience, that no one noticed the dark figure which stole into the chapel immediately after them, and sat quietly down within the sound of the minister's calm, even voice.

The marriage service of the Episcopal church, so solemn, so impressive, so elaborate, occupied almost twenty minutes, and then the twain were declared man and wife. The old minister knew the bride very intimately, and instead of dismissing the assembly at once, he proceeded to admonish the young couple to remember the vows they had just registered; to lead an honest, pure life; to bear with each other's failings kindly, and if God should please to bless their union with children, to see to it that they were raised within the pale of the church.

Saying this, he prayed God to bless them both, and then followed the two surplined acolytes into the vestry.

The bride party stopped to receive many congratulations; and then, a little tired and with some excitement, walked down the aisle toward the door.

Just as they reached the vestibule the dark figure stood directly in their path, her face concealed by the folds of a black, mourning veil.

Chauncey put out his hand and touched her on the shoulder.

"Please stand aside," he said.

She lifted up the veil and glared into his eyes.

He started wildly back; it was the face of the dead—it was the face of Elinor Gregg! Before he could speak, she disappeared in the snow-drifts which covered the streets, and he, uttering a faint scream, fainted and fell all in a heap, at the feet of his new-made wife.

A scene of wild confusion followed; Grace, of all the party, recognized the true cause of her husband's illness, and this possibly nerved her to bend over him and whisper words of comfort.

"Don't fear, Chauncey dearest; that bad woman is gone."

"Gone!" gone!" he muttered, staring wildly up into Grace's face, and then covering back the next instant as he met her honest gaze, like a moral coward as he was.

"Why, what is wrong?" asked Lucy, excitedly, bending over her brother.

"Nothing," answered Grace, with rare presence of mind; "nothing—only a slight attack of epilepsy."

She said this loud enough for every one to hear distinctly, and soon a dozen tongues were repeating her words to a hundred pairs of ears.

Leaning on Robert Alward's shoulder, Chauncey Watterson managed to reach the carriage, and by the time they reached the Alward mansion he was wholly recovered from the shock he had received; although, during the entire evening, he was excited and nervous—so much so, indeed, that Grace advised him to the utmost quiet.

It looked very strange to see a broad-shouldered, robust man like Chauncey trembling like a school-girl, and it was only Grace Watterson's pride that kept her from crying through sheer mortification.

Of course Chauncey's illness was noised abroad among the guests, and some disappointed girls shrugged their shoulders and laughed slyly; while dowagers, with marriageable daughters, thought a man subject to fits would never be able to make much of a show in the world, and were really glad to have their Sophia's and Maria's still on hand.

But Chauncey, amid all this gossip and hypocrisy, was suffering keenly. The woman whom he had supposed sleeping under six feet of earth, in Dellville graveyard, had stood before him and glared into his eyes like a horrid specter in the first few moments of his married life—there, amid the laughing throng where a spirit, good or evil, would never have shown itself at all. Sometimes he almost convinced himself that it was the shade of Elinor; then he would be willing to testify it was her in the flesh, and anon he would drive away all these by stillly asserting that it was some person whom his fancy at that moment clothed with the features of the dead. This appeared altogether the most reasonable solution of the mystery, and before the carriage whisked them off to the midnight train which was to bear them to St. Louis, he had quite satisfied himself that this was really the case.

At St. Louis the twain left the rail, and going aboard a magnificent Western steamboat, bound for St. Paul, settled down to enjoy the sweets of love and travel.

Chauncey Watterson did not love his young wife with that fierce, devouring passion which he had given to Elinor Gregg; but if there was less of the impetuous element in the affection he gave to Grace, there was more respect, and possibly greater depth, too.

Grace was so different from Elinor. While the latter was regal, proud, the former was graceful, supple, yielding—all

ripple and sunshine, and she tried so hard to make her husband happy, that there was scarce an hour in which he did not bless her for some little deed of self-sacrifice which was intended to enhance his pleasure. Like a true woman she refrained from mentioning the affair at the chapel door, but Chauncey felt her silence on the subject was building some sort of a barrier between them, and he longed to talk the matter over and explain the circumstance satisfactorily to her.

Although it was rapidly approaching Christmas, and there had been, already, some winterish weather, the sun shone warmly throughout all the day, and at night the moon looked down at its bright, round face in the clear rolling tide of the Upper Mississippi.

Chauncey and Grace spent many hours in the pilot-house—a favorite resort for tourists on Western waters—and, one night, when there were none but themselves and the old bronzed pilot there, the latter turned to them and said:

"Do ye see those lights thar' ahead?"

"Yes, very distinctly," replied Chauncey.

"Well, that thar' is Keokuk; the first town in Iowa on the river after ye leave Missouri ahind."

The young couple looked forward between the two black smoke-stacks, and Grace said, after a moment:

"Why, pilot, those lights appear a great deal higher than this boat."

"Yes, I should say so," was the response; "that 'ere town is built on a side of a mighty high hill."

"Are you going to land there?" asked Chauncey.

"No, siree! We have to get over the rapids afore we stop. P'raps yer see a few lights over thar on the other side of the river?"

"Very distinctly," replied Chauncey. "Is that another town?"

"Wal, that's a town on't, but it's on'y ruins now, and mebbe that thar's the on'y ruins of a town in this country."

"Indeed! What was its name?" asked Grace, her curiosity excited.

"Wal, ma'am, that thar is Nauvoo—the fust home of the Mormons in America, and the burial place of that prophet. I guess you've he'rn tell of Joe Smith, ma'am?"

"Yes, I've heard tell of him," replied Grace; while Chauncey looked mildly out at the two lights which flickered, where once stood a large city—the Bethlehem of a new theology.

"Wal, ma'am, I don't know what you may think of the people as they call Mormons. They may be a plaguey sight worse than yer Christian folks, but I think their massacre in cold blood was not a very Christian act, anyway."

"No, I think it was not right to shoot Smith in jail," said Grace, after a while; "but then, you see, pilot, it wouldn't do for them to get leave to set up such a doctrine here—it would overturn society."

"Better to overturn society, ma'am, if society can't stand against wickedness; but, ma'am, you'll pardon me when I say that I don't think it's greater harm to have two wives than it is to have one wife and another woman, as ought to be a wife, too."

Chauncey Watterson felt his blood rushing in a hot tide to his face, and Grace, who had one hand resting gently on his arm, felt him tremble like an aspen. She did not speak, however, for a moment, and then she merely said:

"It's getting chilly up here, Chauncey; let us go down to the cabin."

They bid the pilot "good-night," and stepped out of the cozy glass house into the chill air and clear moonlight.

When they had reached the hurricane-deck, Chauncey stopped, and said:

"Grace, you never asked me concerning the woman who shocked me at the chapel door; why have you kept silent about that?"

"I expected you to tell me," she answered, promptly, "but your reticence led me to suppose you did not wish the matter discussed."

"And so you avoided it—eh?"

"Yes."

"That was very kind—very good in you, Grace; but, you have a right to know, and I'm going to tell you."

He said this with a great show of honesty and earnestness, and Grace clung closer to him, and replied:

"You are a good, kind husband, and I'll repay your confidence by discretion and silence, if you desire it."

"Well, then," he began, "I led a fast life prior to our courtship, and, like many young men of means, I became intimate with a woman whose beauty far outweighed her virtue."

Grace expected just such a revelation, but now that it had come she was shocked not a little, and she shrunk away from her husband and covered her face with her hands.

He saw this, and added, with feeling in his voice:

"But, I was only a very young man then, Grace, and I had not met you up to that time."

She took down her hands and listened.

"After I saw you," he continued, "this bad woman had no charms for me; I contrasted her effrontery with your modesty; her sinfulness with your purity; her showy display with your beauty,

would drag you down to sin and folly, I will lead you up the narrow path of righteousness, to honor and respectability. She shall be made to feel the power of a wife's influence—that she shall.

She nestled close to his breast, and he kissed and blessed her.

"You are, indeed, my guardian angel," he said, and then he fancied she was content, and he happy.

CHAPTER XV.

MISS ROMNEY TAGGART.

When Miss Romney Taggart had reached her sixth year, she was acknowledged on all sides to be exceedingly precocious, and as pretty as a picture—that is, when her face was clean enough to show the milky whiteness of her neck and shoulders, and the tangled drifts of golden hair did not obscure the liquid blue of her big, beautiful eyes. She was not a dirty child. There were plenty in and around Rat Row on whom the dirt of the streets was allowed to remain until it became as hard as enamel, but Romney Taggart was scoured in a tub of suds every night, and went back to her maternal employment of making mud-pies in the gutters, fresh from the comb and iron.

It seemed as if she noted in mind, and she was never known to complain of weariness in kneading the tough clay on the levee into loaves; or of twisting straw wreaths into the silken meshes of her hair.

Mrs. Taggart often threatened to whip her for being "such a dirty little thing," but, when the hour for putting the threat into execution would arrive, Van would always enter a strong plea in extenuation, and Miss Romney invariably escaped a merited chastisement.

It was these frequent interpositions on his part that led the child to look up to him as a protector; and sometimes, when she would be under sentence for some willful act or omission, she would post herself on the door of her humble home, and wait anxiously for the advent of her champion. Then, when Van would appear at last, she would run to him, place her soiled, dimpled arms about his waist, and say, "Oh, Van, please, mussah's doin' to lick me." Then, the boy would pat the girl gently upon the head, and ask her what she had been doing now.

"Nussin'!" was the ever-recurring reply; and then the little rogue would archly add, "Mussah don't want me to yike you, Van, and taise I will, she dit mad at me."

The boy knew how false this was; and had, too, a well-defined idea that it was very naughty in Romney to fib in that reckless way, but then the compliment conveyed in her words seemed so sweetly from the cherry lips, that he could not find it in his heart to reprimand her.

It may be seen from this, that Miss Taggart was getting along in the world at an amazingly rapid rate; and that Van Taggart thought the world and all of his little protegee.

If she was bad and willful all day, in the evening she was forced to be on her good behavior, in order that Van might instruct her in the mysteries of the violin. He was patient—very patient—with her, and after she had conquered the *garnet*, her strides were very rapid, until at length she could play almost as well as Van. Her voice was rich, flexible, and sympathetic, and Mrs. Taggart taught her enough vocalism to warrant Van in taking her with him on his daily rounds.

She clapped her hands gleefully when Mrs. Taggart tied the cherry-colored ribbons of her broad hat under her pink chin, for the first time, and handed her down poor little dead Romney's fiddle.

"Oh, I'm so glad to get out with you, Van!" she said; "an' we'll have the gooddest time, too, won't we?"

"Yes, but you musn't romp as yer do down here at the Row," answered Van; "p'lice 'll take yer up, if yer do."

This admonition had the desired effect, and during the first day of Romney Taggart's public life in the streets, she was very quiet and demure. The truth is, she was overawed by the crowd which collected about them everywhere they stopped; and by the grandeur of the houses, and the elegance of the ladies who occasionally paused to admire the wee musician, and listen to her rich, sweet voice ere they dropped the penny which she had not yet learned to value.

Day by day, however, she grew familiar with the rounds, and with the fashionable people, and although always a trifle shy in the streets, she learned to raise her voice loud enough to win for her the admiration of every one who stopped an instant to listen to the itinerant minstrels as they strolled along.

In this way three years passed, and Romney was eight, and Van almost seventeen. He felt his years keenly, and being a spirited fellow, was growing ashamed of his employment, and desired to change it for something more dignified and remunerative.

In these three years he had improved himself very considerably. Instead of retiring early, as Romney always did, he usually remained up until midnight to read and study, and now he had progressed far enough to take Romney in charge, and he did. She was a trifle slow to learn at first; had a fixed aversion to certain letters in the alphabet, and after conquering these, took an active delight in dodging big words.

Mrs. Taggart, by means of bribes in the shape of new trinkets and ribbons, coaxed her through the Second Reader, and this attained, Romney took to study with a zest, and promised, ere long, to leave Van behind.

The latter was very proud of his sister, and her improvement gave him great joy. But he did not like to see her playing in the streets any more, and one night he startled his mother by saying:

"Mother, after this week Romney shan't go on the street any more. I've made my mind up on that."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Taggart; "but what will the girl do?"

"Well, I don't know," was the reply. "Nothing, I guess."

"Nothing? But we are poor, you know, and—"

"I don't care," interrupted the boy; "it ain't no place for a little girl; and I'm getting ashamed of it myself."

"You?"

"Yes, me. It don't look well, nohow, for a big, burly boy like me to go around playing a fiddle in the streets—it looks too much like begging one's living. Don't you think so?"

No, Mrs. Taggart did not think so; but she would gladly have him exchange his

present occupation for something more congenial and better suited to his years.

"Well, then, I'm going to change it mighty soon," he said, determinedly. "I'm going to be a man!"

The matter was dropped, then, and the next day Van and Romney were on the tramp as before.

It was a bright, lovely day in early spring, and the streets were thronged with strollers and people of leisure, who seemed quite willing to hear good music, and satisfied to pay well for it, too. As usual, the labors of the day were supplemented or brought to a close by a tour around the steamboat landing.

There were a great many boats between the foot of Vine street and Broadway in those days, and what with the shouting of the rumbly of steam whistles, and the drays; the screaming of steam whistles, and the clanging of bells, there was enough noise to deafen every ear in the city. Yet, amid all this tumult, there was left still a desire for music of a different type; for more dulcet strains; and Van and Romney's five o'clock concerts were generally great successes, both in an artistic and pecuniary sense.

On the evening of this spring day there was the greatest activity on the wharf, and no little excitement, owing to the fact that the new *Magnoia* was to leave at five o'clock for St. Louis on her first trip.

She was a splendid craft, and sat upon the waters like a fairy palace—all white and gold.

"Let us go aboard," said Van, after they had surveyed her from the shore for some time, "and see what she looks like inside."

Romney was so used to obeying him that she gave him her hand at once, and he led her over the gangway, and up the stairs into the cabin.

It was a charming sight to the two children; the carvings looking like crusted snow overhead; the landscape wonders on the state-room doors; while the tall mirrors in the ladies' cabin reflected back all these splendors, and seemed to enhance them a hundred fold.

"Oh! ain't it nice?" exclaimed Romney, clapping her hands. "Oh, ain't it nice?"

Yes, Van thought it very beautiful, but he was not so enthusiastic as his companion, who stood, with mouth and eyes wide agape, drinking in the enchantment about her.

"Oh, I could stay here forever!" she said, again, but before Van could answer, Chauncey Watterson tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"The ladies would be pleased to have you and your sister play something for them. Will you do it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Van, and the young musicians walked back to where Grace Watterson sat, and a crowd of gayly-attired ladies and gentlemen.

The children bowed awkwardly to their audience, and then began to play a soft, beautiful Italian air, full of tenderness and feeling.

Those who were chatting and laughing when the impromptu entertainment began ceased their frivolity when the sad voice of the music swelled up in all the roundness and ripeness of perfection, and there were tears in many eyes, including those of Grace Watterson, when the strains died away, like a mellow echo, at last.

Many bright silver pieces rewarded the effort, and while Van gathered them, Grace led Romney—pink with blushes now—to the piano, and asked her if she could play.

"No, ma'am," replied the girl; "we've no piano at home—only a fiddle."

The answer was so blunt, unaffected, and childlike withal, that Grace dropped down upon her knees, and, although childless herself, drew the pretty little dear to her bosom, and kissed her on brow and cheek—never dreaming that the child she held so tightly in her arms belonged to Elinor Gregg and Chauncey Watterson, her husband.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 77.)

The Ocean Girl: OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,
AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUISE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.
THE CONFEDERATES MEET.

The morning was fine, and the wind being fair, there was a very large proportion of the passengers on deck, to whom Ned had formally been introduced, as an old acquaintance of the admiral's, who had unaccountably been found floating about the Downs on a couple of water-tight casks. This was enough for all present, and old and young, ladies fat, ladies thin, young and pretty, cadets, mids, all were glad to consider Ned one of them, though, as he murmured to himself, if they knew he was a pirate, they would have gladly headed him up one of those very casks, and pitched him back again into the sea.

Soon the breeze was pretty strong from the north-east, a perfectly fair wind, which made the three topsails lift and swell, while the passengers looked white and blue, and all manner of colors. Still they knew not how to mend it, until at last, the wind freshening and the huge hull rolling before it, they gradually got below, or into the poop-cabin, leaving the deck to the admiral, Ned and Loo, who was a capital sailor.

A little later the wind freshened more, so that royals had to be clewed up and furled, upon which Ned ran up the mizzen shrouds, stored the mizzen royal, and made fast the gaskets. While aloft, he cast a wary eye around, and there, dead to windward, several points ahead, however, was the *Ocean Girl*. He knew her well—a sailer or soon recognizes his ship; and coming down, sadly enough, returned to the quarter-deck, where he walked like the officer of the watch, every now and then casting a weather-look aloft.

The admiral was reading; Loo was with her governess, a lady-like person, Ned was told, who had not yet appeared in the cabin or on deck; the captain was giving orders to the steward, the first officer was stirring about to see the men clear the deck of all lumber, so that the young buccaneer appeared in command. He was, however, scarcely conscious of the look of things around, being so bent on his own thoughts as scarcely to take note of time or any thing else.

He, however, from sheer habit—a habit acquired on board the *Ocean Girl*, where he was often in reality officer of the watch,

when Captain Gantling and others were carousing—looked up every now and then at the sails, which, once or twice, he noticed shivering.

"Mind your helm," he said, sharply, without turning round; "steady so—port."

And then he walked on.

Really you must be removed from the helm," continued Ned; "this will not do. See how the vessel is yawing about—port—steady so."

"Like old times, this," said a deep voice. The young buccaneer turned.

With a flushed cheek and a startled gaze, he saw at the helm a stout, tallish, ill-looking sailor, with great bushy whiskers, penthouse-like eyebrows, and a shock head of hair. He looked at Ned with a half-knowing, half-puzzled air.

"Jabez Grunn," faltered the young man, with a dark frown, but speaking in a low tone of voice.

"The same, your honor."

"Then never speak to me again, or look at me again," said Ned Drake, hurriedly, "or I'll tell all I know about you, and have you under hatches," and with these words he walked away to meet Loo, who was coming out of the poop-cabin.

The steersman glanced at the young midshipman with an angry, but at the same time puzzled glance, taking care, however, to make no further mistake about the helm, which, had it been noticed, might have sent him to the precincts of the quarter-deck for the voyage, a consummation by no means wished by one who desired above all things to have a knowledge of many things which are picked up by a keen ear in such a position.

And such was the first meeting of the confederates on board the *Duke of Kent* East Indiaman.

That day and several others having passed without any further glimpse of the brigantine, the crew began to feel some little case of mind. The crew of the ship was large, and apparently well selected; the armament unusually strong, the ammunition in abundance, and plenty of persons able and willing to use weapons. Drake, therefore, had little fear of an open attack. It was treachery he desired to guard against, and hence his desire to be on deck in the night time, especially in light baffling winds and calms, when the six vagabonds who had been sent on board in charge of Jabez Grunn might take it into their heads to play some of their tricks.

That the half-dozen pirates were there he knew, having picked them out once when they were all mustered to tea in the dog-watch, and when, as if in boyish curiosity, he stole a glimpse at them under the foot-mat of the fore-cabin; but they took no notice of him, advised by Jabez Grunn, who could not make out whether the young reefer had retained his old dislike of himself, or was playing a deep game.

After breakfast the weather began to change. The clouds banked dark to leeward, the sea was blacker, while some stray birds, an albatross, a stinkard or two, with some lazy lazys, began to waken up, as if they sniffed the storm. A regular school of porpoises tumbled and rolled about.

Ned Drake strolled forward to the heel of the bowsprit, carelessly to all appearance, but in truth to have a glance round in search of the vessel which haunted his waking thoughts, his night dreams, and floated before him at times, not on the blue waves, but in a red sea of blood. He cast a wary look around, but, detecting nothing, resumed his careless mien, looked through the head-boards into the pile of white foam that frothed up as she plunged, and then was about to move aft when he heard words which made him pause.

"That 'ere cussed young reefer," said Jabez Grunn, with a fearful oath in addition to his nautical epithet, "gets over me. What is he here for? Is he a spy on us, or has he out and run?"

"Out and run, most like; he's hand and glove with that blessed old tyrant of an admiral what giv' Gantling such a lift once."

"Very like. We'll have a puff from east-ud afore long. This wind's high dead, and if that spindle-shanks goes aloft anywhere near me, cuss me if I don't pitch him right overboard. Right or wrong, he'll be out of the way."

Reef topsails," shouted one of the mates.

At the same moment every thing fluttered.

"Mind your helm, Jones," called out the first officer; and then, seeing that she would not lie her course, and that the forward sails were aback, the men were set to work trimming sails; and while the wind was freshening, and the topsails flapping, and the booms heading, Ned Drake walked aft with a pale, stern face, that boded no good to the pirate crew.

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"That 'ere cussed young reefer," said Jabez Grunn, with a fearful oath in addition to his nautical epithet, "gets over me. What is he here for? Is he a spy on us, or has he out and run?"

"Out and run, most like; he's hand and glove with that blessed old tyrant of an admiral what giv' Gantling such a lift once."

"I could live ever thus," would Loo say, in her laughing, merry way; "it is really so nice."

"Wouldn't you like just a bit of land, to grow violets and roses?" replied Ned, with a smile.

"Well, I might, you know. Have you ever read 'Paul and Virginia'?"

"Never."

"I must lend it to you. It is a charming book. They are on an island—not on a desert island—but that I should like. Why, fancy you and I and papa shipwrecked—wouldn't it be jolly?"

Now, whether Ned Drake thought the word somewhat out of place in a young lady's mouth, or from what reason we will not say, but he did not reply, and as he clutched the bulwarks with his ten fingers, his teeth chattered, and his face was ghastly pale.

A desert island!—shipwrecked! Who had suggested this?

"You are ill," suggested Loo, anxiously, "you look like that night in the Channel, you know, when you came on board."

"A spasm—his over. I will walk forward," said Ned, moodily, and left the girl alone without another word.

The next day was very fine, and any one could see with half an eye they were advancing toward the tropics, where, with the heat and other reasons, too long to give in detail, calms are so common. This was the hour the young buccaneer dreaded.

If while old ocean slept, and the crew of the *Duke of Kent* kept a kind of anchor-watch, with their heads on their pillow, or what was worse, a watch of treachery and death, the buccaneers crept on the doomed ship, and mastered it, what would be his position?

A cold, dreadful shiver passed over his whole frame, as, with his heart in his mouth, he walked the deck.

There had been rain in the night, and the sea looked hot; the breeze, though still in the same quarter, was lighter, the water bluer, but certain signs in the clouds, known only to the initiated, plainly indicated that there was more wind coming. This, however, was no consolation, as a brigantine like the *Ocean Girl*, would always out sail an Indiaman, though, if she carried on too long, she might run the risk of being capsized.

A thrill passed through the bosom of the young buccaneer at this thought, and yet, though it would and all his difficulties, he could not say he wished it. The man Gantling he owed a deep debt of gratitude to, even though he was a pirate, for personally he had been kind, though looming in the distance, from this same No Man's Land of the future, he began to foresee reasons for disliking him, perhaps of a darker nature than he had yet imagined. Then there was Dittreck, whose fidelity to his person was unimpeachable.

After breakfast the weather began to change. The clouds banked dark to leeward, the sea was blacker, while some stray birds, an albatross, a stinkard or two, with some lazy lazys, began to waken up, as if they sniffed the storm. A regular school of porpoises tumbled and rolled about.

Ned Drake strolled forward to the heel of the bowsprit, carelessly to all appearance, but in truth to have a glance round in search of the vessel which haunted his waking thoughts, his night dreams, and floated before him at times, not on the blue waves, but in a red sea of blood. He cast a wary look around, but, detecting nothing, resumed his careless mien, looked through the head-boards into the pile of white foam that frothed up as she plunged, and then was about to move aft when he heard words which made him pause.

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"Out and run, most like; he's hand and glove with that blessed old tyrant of an admiral what giv' Gantling such a lift once."

"Very like. We'll have a puff from east-ud afore long. This wind's high dead, and if that spindle-shanks goes aloft anywhere near me, cuss me if I don't pitch him right overboard. Right or wrong, he'll be out of the way."

Reef topsails," shouted one of the mates.

At the same moment every thing fluttered.

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who usually trod the deck with double zest under a tropical sky, was sullen and apathetic.

Though the extreme liking he had for the society of Loo made him unwilling to change his costume, he often felt inclined to go forward and help the men in their varied occupations, for no life is less idle than that of a sailor. A handsman fancies after he has been a few days on board, that the vessel will get in sea trim, and then the tars will have little to do but walk about with their hands in their pockets. A circumnavigation of the globe would soon undeceive them; on the last day the crew would be as busy as on the first.

The business of the day commences with the turning-to of the morning watch at day-break, washing down, scrubbing and swabbing the decks, filling the scuttle butt with fresh water, coiling up the rigging, then breakfast, after which the studding-sail gear is to be rove, or the running rigging to be examined, or the standing rigging to be overhauled, or chafing gear to be made, while, when every thing else fails, the men are set to scrape the rust from the chain cables, as the song has it:

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thou art able; And on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the cable."

But Edward Drake had no occupation, and though he began to be fond of reading, yet in his present state of mind he could scarcely be said to fix his attention on any book. Loo was a good part of the cycle of her governess, and Sir Stephen the young reefer was at times rather shy of. There remained, therefore, few amusements, and one of these was to clamber up the rigging, ascend to the top-gallant mast, and thence survey the horizon on the look-out for the *Ocean Girl*.

The wind continuing light, they made very little progress; and each day, so alike is the sea in fine weather, one day with another, that they seemed scarcely to make any progress, but to be floating about on the same spot eternally, like the Flying Dutchman trying to weather the Cape.

They were in the trade winds, running pretty free, when one afternoon, while at tea, there came an alarm that a slaver sail was in sight, giving chase. All went on deck. Ned himself had a face as pale as marble, and it was only by fingering behind to take a glass of wine that he restored his equilibrium, and joined his friends without exciting suspicion.

It was a clipper-built brigantine, with a black hull, which was heading directly for them. If Ned had not known who commanded her, and what she was, a triumphant twinkle in Jabez Grunn's eye would have told him as he stood listlessly steering. There could be no mistake in the character of the vessel. It was a privateer, pirate, or slaver, the last to be most feared of all, as the practitioners in the trade of human flesh, which certain politicians in this country now ignore, in order to excuse their culpable sympathy with slaveowners, were the worst ruffians on the seas.

Everybody was looking out; and as everybody—the six ruffians excepted—was equally anxious to get away, while the officers and passengers were discussing the merits of the pursuing vessel, the men were busy throwing water on the sails. There was no doubt that, whatever she was, she was an ugly customer.

By direction of the skipper, the *East Indiaman* was kept dead before the wind, the best point for a large square ship, while she, a clipper, was surft on a wind. The pursued vessel carried royals and skysails fore and aft, with ten studding-sails, the brigantine having only a gaff trysail aft.

"What do you make her out?" said the Admiral, quietly.

"Armed—full of men—shows no colors."

"Hem!" replied Sir Stephen; "a pirate, I suppose; a French privateer, which is all the same. Of course, Dunbar, we can beat her off!"

"No doubt; but with my responsibilities I do not choose to lose a rope or spar. I shall crack on as long as she does not overhaul us too close, and escape if I can. If not, we must fight, when there can be no doubt we shall give a good account of ourselves."

At this moment, every eye being on the pursuing vessel, Ned approached the mainmast, where he had been posted.

"Beware!" he said, earnestly. "The moment there is danger, I

AN OLD STORY SLIGHTLY ALTERED.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A farmer to a lawyer came,
With "Mr. — I've forgot his name,
"My bull has gored an ox for you,
Now what is best for me to do?"
"Why," said the judge, "the case is plain:
If my ox by your bull was slain,
That you to make a just return,
Should straightway give me one of your'n."
"That's surely just," the farmer said,
"But surely a mistake I've made,
It was my ox killed by your bull."
"If that's so," said the judge, "I guess
I don't make the matter less;
But if you claim an ox from me,
Take it, but it occurs to me
That I will charge you his full price,
For giving you all this advice."

Recalled to Life:

A TALE OF WITCHCRAFT.

BY C. D. CLARK.

SALEM, the abode of witchcraft, was in a ferment. The people, flocking from all quarters, for on that day a man was to die, doomed to death by the edict of the elders of the people, for the supposed crime of dealing with evil spirits. Strange groups they were: stern-browed old men, shaking their heads sagely, and thanking an overruling Providence for unmasking wickedness; youths and maidens, many of whom were in secret sympathy with the victim; and Indians looking stupidly on, and wondering if the pale-faces had gone mad. The man who was to die had been sentenced to stand in the stocks from sunrise to sunset, and when the orb of day had gone down behind the western hills, to perish on the gallows. There he stood, a soldierly man, with a handsome face and stern, erect carriage, looking proudly about him in the hour of his disgrace.

"Look ye, men and women of Salem," he cried, "you who have been my neighbors and friends, bear testimony in the after years that I die guiltless of evil. I have fought against the enemies of England and this good colony, but I never wronged a human being knowingly."

"Peace, Arthur Denham," said a gray-haired elder who stood near. "Think upon your end, and remember that the elders of Salem will do no injustice."

"Ye are wolves in sheep's clothing," cried the prisoner; "and many an innocent man has died because of your hate? I am guiltless of any wrong, save being your enemy, Esquire Gardner."

The old man turned a fierce look upon him, but the prisoner answered by one as haughty.

"Hear me, people of Salem," he cried. "I loved this old man's daughter, and she loved me. He sought a richer husband for his child than poor Arthur Denham—a simple captain of foot—and he accused me before the council of bewitching his daughter. Her innocent words, avowing her love for me, were used against me, and I, who have been a soldier, must die a felon's death. I travel the path which many worthy men and women have done who have gone before me, and I shall die like a man. But, may the vengeance of an outraged God alight upon these wicked men, who have done all his evil. May they perish by the same instrument which they have used against others, and may Caleb Gardner be the first to fall. Amen."

"Ye hear him blaspheme, good people," said Gardner, with trembling lips. "Who shall say that this man is not worthy of his death? It were well that the elders had commanded that his mouth should be stopped, that he might not infect the people with his lying words."

"They are the words of truth, Esquire Gardner," cried a firm voice, and a young man pushed his way through the crowd, and confronted the justice. "False old man, it would be a good deed for this colony if I were to bury my sword in your body to the hilt."

He was the exact counterpart of the prisoner in every respect. Looking from one to the other, the people uttered cries of surprise, for it seemed as if the double of Arthur Denham stood before them. He was richly dressed, wearing the garb of a gentleman of birth and breeding, and armed with a long Spanish rapier, upon which his hand dropped involuntarily as he faced the justice, who staggered back in manifest alarm.

"Archie!" cried the prisoner, "have you come to look upon my death?"

"I have come to save you, if possible; but I fear my words will avail but little with these misguided men. Demonology and witchery! What are they but the silly lies of old women and foolish men, and those who for their own base purposes make use of them. You, Esquire Gardner, and such men as you, will have a heavy account to settle at the judgment day."

"Said I not truly that witchcraft is rife in the land," cried Gardner, pointing at the speaker. "Who is this but the spirit called up by this limb of Satan, to speak for him and delude the people. See! in dress, in length of limb, in face, he is Arthur Denham. Speak, who are you?"

"Ask the captain of the Mayflower, in which I sailed from London. I am Major Archibald Denham, of the 40th regiment of foot, and there stands my brother, a gallant soldier doomed to die. By heaven! it shall not be! And you do not know me, Esquire Gardner. Give back that of which you have robbed us—render an account of your stewardship, and all may be well."

"I know him not," stammered Gardner. "Of what does he speak?"

"Of the money and jewels with which you fled from England, the property of my family. Hat do you tremble? Be assured, my brother, that, live or die, I will avenge this wrong upon the one who is guilty."

Even as he spoke, and while Gardner stood trembling before him, the crowd parted, and a lovely girl sprang forward and threw herself upon the neck of the prisoner, frantic with grief.

"Oh, my love, my love!" she moaned, "and have I brought you to this?"

The prisoner uttered a sob and looked at his bound hands, and the tears sprang into the eyes of the lookers on. Elizabeth Gardner had nothing in common with her stern old father. A delicate, shrinking, beautiful creature, with sunny-brown hair and deep blue eyes; the pride of the village, loved by all, and deeply pitied even by those who thought she was under a spell.

"My darling," said Arthur Denham, "and must you come to look upon my shame?"

"They tried to keep me, false-hearted

that they are," she sobbed. "I have come to share your shame—if shame there is in loving. See! I accuse myself. Of what-
ever wrong Arthur Denham has done, I am the sharer. Condemn me, too, people of Salem, and let us die together."

"Hush, Elizabeth; for the sake of heaven be silent. You do not know how little will condemn you in this wicked town."

"I care not. My mind is made up to share your trouble. Ah! do not touch me, father. I will not be separated from the man I love."

"You hear this, good people," said Gardner, with a look of hypocritical sorrow. "Did I not say truly that he had bewitched her, and turned a pure heart to evil. How else would she cling to one whom the elders have condemned?"

A murmur ran through the crowd, and people looked at one another in wonder and doubt.

"Come away from him, child," said the father, advancing. "Let me take you home."

"I will not go. Do not let him touch me, if you are men."

"Take care, old villain," hissed Archibald Denham; "let her alone."

"Not I; she is my child, and I command her to return with me."

"And I say let her bid farewell to one she loves. Ha! you will have it; then take that."

Gardner had already laid his hand upon his daughter's shoulder to drag her away, when the young major struck him with his open hand such a blow as sent him reeling to the earth. Gardner started up and called to his adherents, and half a dozen of them surrounded Denham; but his sword was out, and with the keen point sweeping from side to side he kept them all at bay. At the same time, half a dozen men who had been mere lookers on, sprang to his side with drawn weapons. They were his friends, who had landed from the ship.

"Keep off, all of you," he cried; "I bear the commission of a higher power than yours, and will answer this at that tribunal."

The adherents of Gardner fell back, and, stooping, Archibald whispered a few words in the ear of his brother. Then calling his men about him, he passed through the crowd, moving toward the harbor. The prisoner pressed his lips to those of Elizabeth once more, and she sunk fainting at his feet, and was removed by her friends.



RECALLED TO LIFE.

"These traitors shall have their just dues," cried Gardner. "We shall see whether this can pass current or not. As for you, Arthur Denham, make your peace with heaven, for when the sun sets you die."

The sun went slowly down in a blaze of glory, and those who yet watched the prisoner said that his face looked more like that of a saint than a man. At the appointed hour the guards came and removed him from the stocks and led him away toward the center of the village, where the crowd followed. Here the gallows had been set up, upon which so many worthy men had perished, and where, but a few days before, a faithful clergyman, George Burroughs, had yielded up his life. He was led up the platform, and looked down upon the sea of faces lifted toward him with a strange smile. Directly in front were the seats of the judges who had condemned him, for these stern men did not fear to look upon their work.

"You have permission to speak," said Gardner; "but, beware what you say."

"Why should I speak?" he said. "I am brought here to die, and you who murder me will not be moved by any words of mine. I die innocent of any wrong, as I pray you all to believe. Good-by, friends and foes. Now do your wicked work, you must."

The black cap was drawn over his head, the rope adjusted, and the next moment he was swinging in the air.

"Way there!" cried a fierce voice. "Up, if you be men, and save the life of an innocent man."

There was a rush of feet, and the enemies of Denham threw themselves in the way, but went down in an instant, and Archibald Denham sprang upon the staging, and, by a single blow of his keen sword, severed the rope, and his brother dropped upon the platform with a dull sound.

"Stand back there!" cried the major. "I have here the craven wretch who accused my brother of witchcraft, and he is ready to make oath that he was bribed to perjury by Esquire Gardner. Make way there; perhaps I may save him yet."

Four strong men lifted the senseless body and carried it to his house, and laid it on a table. "Leave me, all of you," said the major, sadly. "I am a better physician than you have in this thrice-cursed town, and if any man can save him, I can do it. Wait outside, Fletcher and Barnes, and if I need you, I can call."

They went out, and he hung his hat and sword upon the back of a great old-fashioned chair, and opening the doublet of his

brother, he laid his hand upon the heart. It had ceased to beat, but he forced open the set teeth and poured some drops of a dark-colored liquid down his throat. Then sinking into the chair, he fixed his eyes upon the face of his brother and waited. Ten minutes passed, twenty, and he had not changed his attitude, when the door was thrown suddenly open, and Elizabeth Gardner hurried in, and flung herself upon the lifeless form. Archibald started up and raised her, saying, in a heart-broken tone: "My poor child, you have set your heart upon the dead. Let me lead you away."

"His heart beats! He lives, he lives!" she cried. "Do not take me from him."

Archibald, with a cry of delight, laid his hand upon his brother's breast. She had spoken truly. His heart did beat, but faintly.

"Thank God!" he said. "You have recalled him to life. Now, if you would save him, go away and send in the two men who wait outside."

She obeyed, and Fletcher and Barnes came in, and by the use of friction and hot wine, they recalled the fluttering life. In an hour he was able to sit up and converse, and then Elizabeth came to him, and the rest went out and left them together.

That night Esquire Gardner fled from Salem, and two weeks after his mangled body was found between Salem and Boston. How he died no man ever knew. But a reaction had set in, and the people who had clamored for the death of Denham were most eager in wishing him joy when, a year later, he led Elizabeth Gardner to the altar. But the anniversary of that fearful day was always remembered in the house of Arthur Denham.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

The Way the "Boys" got their Dinner.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"You see, Cap'n Jack had given orders that none uv the boyes war to forage on the Dons, an' so we fared purty rough for a while, seen' thar warn't no game, 'cept greasers, an' they ain't no chawin' nohow, in that section of the kentry."

"You didn't know Jack Hayes, but I'll

robber all over, an' the way they did bounce the ole Mexikin war a caution."

"Thar war two fine-lookin' gals in the house, darters uv the Don, an' they war scared wuss'n any."

"By-m-by, we heard the crack uv ole John's pistol; thet war the sign fur us to kin up, an' so over the wall we scrambled, an' charged down onto the ranch like a whole regiment uv cavalry."

"Lordy! Yur oughter 'a seen the scramble then: The Mexikins thought as how we war a fresh lot uv them es hed fust kem, an' to work they sot, screechin' an' howlin' an' yellin', jess es ef the ole scratch had 'a been turned loose among 'em."

"But we didn't hev no time to explain, fur the robbers war makin' off with half their things about their place in thar claws, so we charged 'em ag'in in the undergrowth, druv 'em over the walls, an' then went back to the house to look arter the ole Mexikin, who war act'ally most dead, owin' to the skeer."

"I tell yur, them two black-eyed sennories made a powerful to-do over us, as hed saved thar lives, they said."

"An' the way they did feed us war a sight to see! An' drink?"

"Baugh! We jess swallered in all sorts, an' by-m-by, weall got fuller uv aggerdently nor a bat ar uv ticks."

"But, yur see, while we war a-feedin', Ole John an' Rube an' the balance war out in the cold, sufferin' fur somethin' to eat while we war a-crammin' ourselves chock-full."

"I knowed the cusses couldn't stand it long, an' so, ev'ry time the ole Don or the sennories turned thar backs, I jerked the grub an' licker bottles into my possible sack."

"Sorter purvidin' ag'in'emergencies, yur know; an', durn my cats ef them 'ere emergencies didn't come purty quick."

"Fust thing we knowed thar war a awful rumppuss out on the verandy; then a cuple uv pistol shots; then ole John a-shoutin' fur help, an', lastly, a whole volley uv them bucket-muzzled 'scopets what the greasers uses."

"What do 'ee think fetched the yaller-bellies onto us? Why, may I be chawed by a yearlin' calf, ef thet ole Don jess hedn't seen through our little game, an', while he war a-makin' beleeve to be awful obleeged to us, the cuss hed sent off arter a Mexikin company, es war camped not very fur off."

"Well, we war in a nice pickle! We didn't much mind the greasers, but, yur see, Cap'n Jack war bound to find us out, an'

then thar'd be the dence to pay, an' we knowed it."

"The yaller-bellies charged us real savage, jess es if they war in dozen uv saddles, they hed to weaken, an' sorter haul off."

"They didn't know Jack Hayes was in the neighborhood, thet's sartin, er they wouldn't 'a stayed half es long es they did, but, I tell yur, they found it out purty soon, yon bet they did!"

"We war out in the bresh in the front yard, a-worryin' the greasers powerful w' our pistols, when, all uv a sudden, I hear our bugle, as Cap'n Jack blowed hisself, an' lookin' over thet way, I wish I may die ef I didn't see a sight es most took my breath."

"Jess es I looked, I see the big iron-gray 'Guilliver, the cap'n called him, arter the big feller es went among them 'uns an' scart 'em nigh to death—a-risin' into the air clean an' clear 'bove the top uv a eight-foot wall."

"Tur splendid, it war to a sartinty; but, Lordy! Cap'n Jack Hays an' the boss could do enny thing."

"Yes, sir! he jess sailed over thet wall like a perairy chicken, while t'other fellers went 'round by thet gate, an' afore them poor devils uv Mexikins knowed what war 'up, Cap'n Jack an' the boyes war down on 'em like more'n a thousand uv bricks."

"Thet ended the matter; but, arter it war done with, our turn kem."

"Things looked ugly, fur we see the cap'n war mad, when, jess es he war fixin' to raise the ole scratch, here kem the greasers back ag'in, havin' fell in with three or four hundred more, an' we hed to go to work fightin' like all outen doors, an' when we war through, the cap'n hed forgot all about it."

"Well, thet's the way we got our dinner, an' ole John an' his robbers didn't get theirs."

A PLEASING ANNOUNCEMENT!

We have in hand, to appear next week, a new romance, from the pen of Captain Adams, viz:

OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER,

—in which the old hero of the hills plays a leading part. It is literally alive with novelty, excitement of incident and an exciting relationship of characters, male and female. Readers may anticipate in it

A GREAT TREAT.

Short Stories from History.

The Knights of Chivalry.—The word "chivalrous" implies high and noble qualities—bravery, goodness and virtue combined. At least, once it implied as much. It originated in that time known in history as the "Middle Ages," when society was rude enough, and war was the chief occupation of men.

In every age and country—among civilized and barbarous nations alike, valor has been held in esteem, and the more rude the period and the place, the greater respect has been usually paid to boldness of enterprise and success in battle; but it was peculiar to the institution of chivalry, to blend military valor with the strongest passions which actuate the mind. The Greeks and Romans fought for liberty or conquest, and the knights of the Middle Ages for the cross and their ladies. Loyalty to their sovereign, generosity, gallantry, and an unblemished reputation, were essential ingredients in the character of a perfect knight. Founded on principles so pure, the order of chivalry could not but occasion a pleasing, though a romantic development of the energies of human nature. But as in actual practice every institution becomes deteriorated and degraded, it must be admitted that the devotion of the knights often degenerated into superstition, and their love into licentiousness.

Amid the various duties of knighthood, that of protecting the female sex, respecting their persons, and redressing their wrongs, becoming the champion of their cause, and the chastiser of those by whom they were injured, was presented as one of the principal objects of the institution. Their oath bound the new-made knights to defend the cause of all women, without exception. The cause of a distressed lady was in many instances preferable to that even of the country to which the knight belonged. Thus the Capital de Buche, though an English subject, did not hesitate to unite his troops with those of the Comte de Foix, to relieve the ladies in a town where they were besieged and threatened with violence by the insurgent peasantry. The looks, the words, the sign of a lady, were accounted to make knights, in the time of need, perform double their usual deeds of strength and valor. At tournaments and in combats, the voices of the ladies were heard like those of the German females, in former battles, calling on the knights to remember their fame, and exert themselves to the uttermost. "Think, gentle knights," was their cry, "upon the wool of your breasts, the nerve of your arms, the love you cherish in your hearts, and do valiantly, for ladies behold you!" The corresponding shouts of the combatants were: "Love of ladies! Death of warriors! On, valiant knights, for you fight under fair eyes."

The defense of the female sex in general, the regard due to their honor, the subservience paid to their commands, the reverent awe and courtesy which in their presence forbore all unseemly words and actions, were so blended with the institution of chivalry, as to form its very essence.

The ladies, bound as they were in honor to requite the passion of their knights, were wont, on such occasions, to dignify them by the present of a scarf, a ribbon, or glove, which was to be worn in the press of battle and tournament; and these marks of favor were accounted the best incentives to deeds of valor. In the French and English wars in the Middle Ages, the knights of each country brought to that serious conflict the spirit of romantic attachment, which had been cherished in the hour of peace. They fought at Poitiers or Verneuil, as they had fought at tournaments, bearing over their armor scarls and devices, as the livery of their mistresses, and asserting their paramount beauty in vaunting challenges toward the enemy. Thus, in the middle of a keen skirmish at Cherbourg, the squadrons remained motionless, while one knight challenged to a single combat the most gallant of the adversaries. Such a defiance was soon accepted, and the battle only recommenced when one of the champions had lost his life for his love. In the first campaign of Edward's war, some young English knights wore a covering over one eye, vowing, for the sake of their ladies, never to see with both, till they should have signaled their prowess in the field.

After the love of God and of his lady, the *preux chevalier* was to be guided by that of glory and renown. He was bound by his vow to seek out adventures of risk and peril, and never to abstain from what he might undertake for any unexpected odds of opposition which he might encounter. It was not, indeed, the sober and regulated exercise of valor, but its fanaticism, which the genius of chivalry demanded of its followers. Enterprises the most extravagant in conception, the most difficult in execution, the most useless when achieved, were those by which an adventurous knight chose to distinguish himself. There were solemn occasions also on which these displays of chivalrous enthusiasm were specially expected and called for; the tournaments, single combats, and solemn banquets, at which vows of chivalry were usually formed and proclaimed.

The spirit of chivalry which began to dawn at the end of the tenth century, and blazed forth with high vigor during the crusades, and the wars between England and France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, sunk gradually under a combination of physical and moral causes; the first arising from the change gradually introduced into the art of war, by cannon and musketry; and the last from the equally great alterations produced by time in the habits and modes of thinking in Europe. As the progress of knowledge advanced, men learned to despise its fantastic refinements; the really enlightened as belonging to a system inapplicable to the modern state of the world; the licentious, fierce, and subtle, as throwing the barriers of affected punctilio betwixt them and the safe, ready, and unceremonious gratification of their passion or their vengeance.

Chivalry had its peculiar advantages during the Middle Ages; and there is no doubt that its institutions, virtuous as they were in principle, and honorable and generous in their objects, must have done much good, and prevented much evil. We can now only look back on it as a beautiful and fantastic piece of frostwork, which has dissolved in the beams of the sun; but though we look in vain for the pillars, the vaults, the cornices, and the fretted ornaments, of the transitory fabric, we can not but be sensible that its dissolution has left on the soil valuable tokens of its former existence.